THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

In 1729

this paper was purchased by Benjamin Franklin and published by him as "The Pennsylvania Gazette" until

1765

when it passed into other hands. The title was changed to "The Saturday Evening Post" on August 4,

Founded A.D. 1728

PHILADELPHIA, AUGUST 13, 1898

Volume 171 Number 7 • • 5 cents a copy $2.50 a Year

1821

and the office of publication was the one formerly occupied by Benjamin Franklin, in the rear of 53 Market St., Philadelphia. In the year

1897

it became the property of the present publishers,

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

Copyright, 1898, by The Curtis Publishing Company

PUBLISHED WEEKLY AT 425 ARCH STREET

Entered at the Philadelphia Post Office as Second-Class Matter

By Lafayette McLaws.

WITH DRAWINGS BY FRANK McKERNAN

IF THERE is a hotter place, or one more still, than the pine barrens of Georgia, at three o'clock of a July afternoon, that place is the kaolin region of South Carolina. The sun, reflected from the dazzling white chalk cliffs, etches on the retina myriads of burning, dancing stars that make one grateful for the shadows of the gullies serrating the cliffs.

It seems incredible that the air is moving among the tall, stately trees, while at the foot of the cliff there is not the faintest stir. Everything is parched. The few belated blossoms on the jasmine vine, that crawls over the pine needles and clings to the side of the cliff, are of a sickly yellow, and hang limp and fainting, cup downward.

Doctor Byne had driven me over from Aiken to take a look at the kaolin deposits on his land. As we crept along the single track of the road, winding around and between the stunted black-jack oaks and sparkleberry trees, there were three sounds which broke upon the silence: the murmured remonstrance of the sand as the wheels pressed onward; the scrarch, scrape, scrarch of the caterpillars feeding on the already scanty foliage, and the pit-a-pur, of the sun-rays pelting the green umbrella stretched above our heads.

•

For thirty minutes we traveled without speaking; for the Doctor is one of those straight-forward, sincere persons who never talk unless they have something to say, and I was too much depressed by the sweltering heat for conversation. Gradually the road fell, the black-jacks gave place to a taller, fresher growth of gum and pines, the sand was finer and more compact and no longer gritted the wheels, the caterpillars were not so hungry, and birds began to show themselves among the trees. We came to a small stream, and the Doctor, getting down, allowed the mule to drink.

"If you have no objection," he remarked, "I will turn out of the road and speak to a friend. I always do when I come this way. He is only a few steps along the branch beyon' those briars and gall-bushes."

So we turned up the stream, and, beyond the thicket, came to a small pond of water just above the group of bushes which screened it from the road. In the middle of the pond sat an old man, clad in a bathing suit, smoking and reading while up to his neck in water. Without a word the Doctor left the buggy and marched down the slope to the edge of the pond. Having nothing else to do I sat there and waited. I noticed that the entire bottom of the pond was floored, and that here and there new boards had been put in as if the place were constantly watched and kept in repair. The old man sat on a rough bench with a back. In front of him was a rude desk formed by planks nailed on two posts planted in the bottom of the pond. When the Doctor reached the water's edge he called out loudly as if to a deaf person, "Hello, Quintilian; how are you to-day?"

"Hey?" said the old man, dropping his pipe into the water as he looked up from his book in search of the speaker. "Hey?" he repeated, with gaze directed toward the Doctor. Then a smile of recognition distorted his wrinkled face. "Tip-top, Henry; tip-top. The pond is just the place on a day like this. It's all right, Henry. It's all right. Clara gave her permission for to-day," he remarked sonorously, chuckling with childish pleasure. "She said I must try to break myself of the habit, for when her year is up she couldn't permit me to spend my time here." Then he leaned forward, as if the better to see the Doctor's face, and inquired anxiously, "Her year is almost up, isn't it, Henry? Tell me, is her year almost up?"

•

"Yes," said the Doctor, "it is almost up, Quintilian. So you must be doubly careful of your health. What news in the literary world? What are you reading to-day?"

"Hogg," the old man replied with enthusiasm. "Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd. It is his very latest, the Confessions of a Justified Sinner. It is a wonderful book, Henry. You must read it. I will send it over as soon as Blossom is done with it. You know she likes to read everything that I do, because, she says, we have to live together and should have something to talk about. But it won't be for long. You said it wouldn't be for long, didn't you, Henry?"

"No, no, Quintilian; not long. But you must take good care of yourself. And Quintilian," he called, for the old man, as if forgetful of the Doctor's presence, had gone back to his reading, "don't forget to send me that book after Blossom reads it."

"Hey?" He looked around, as if aroused for the first time. "Is that you, Henry? Did you say her year was up?"

"No, Quintilian, not yet; but it soon will be. You must send me that book when you finish. And don't forget to tell Blossom."

"I never forget, Henry. I never forget. I will tell Blossom that you say the year is almost up."

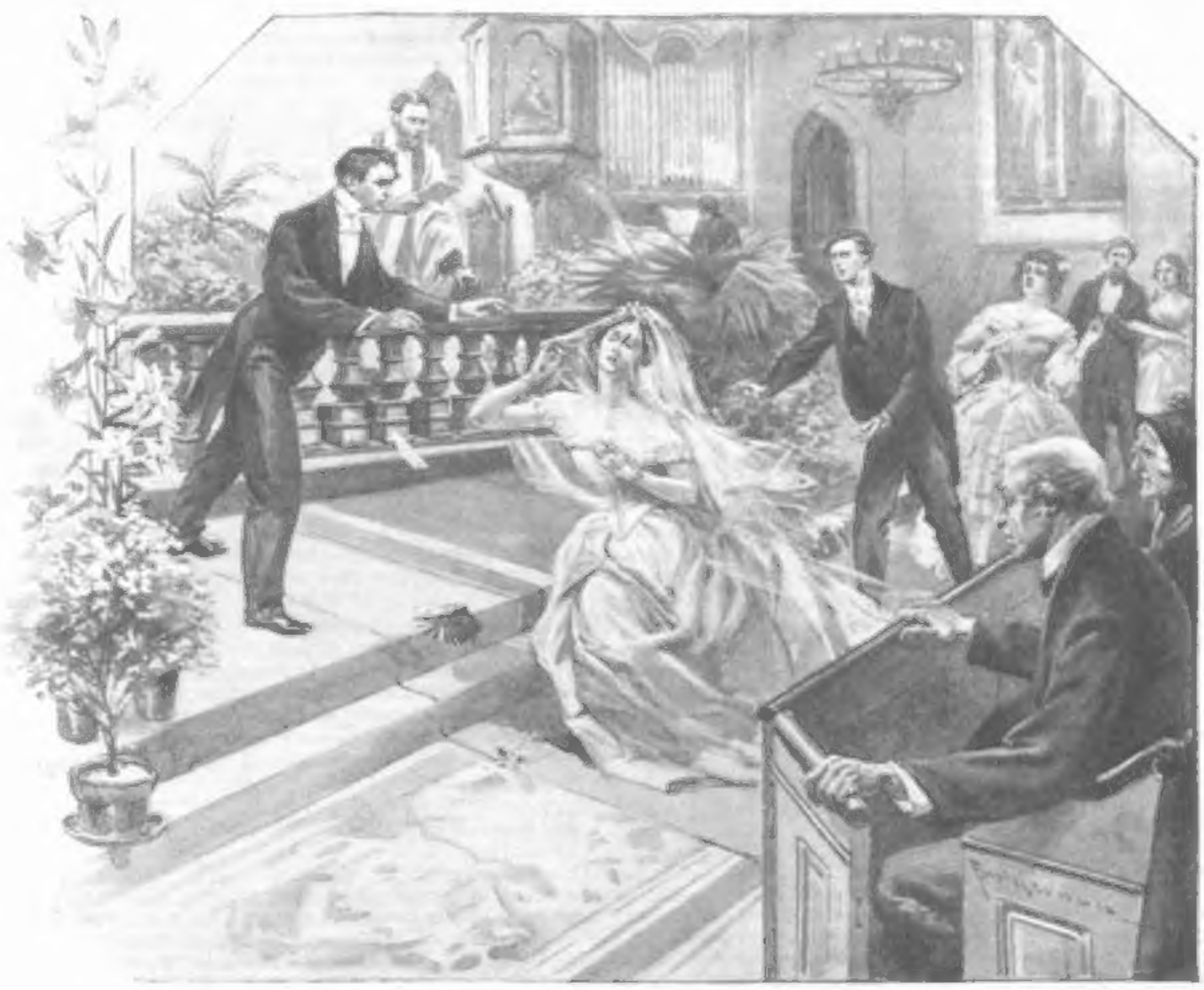
He went back to his reading, smiling contentedly, while the Doctor walked up the slope, climbed into the buggy, and, turning the mule's head down the creek, drove back to the road. For five minutes or more we traveled in silence, then the Doctor spoke.

"There was a time when Quintilian Skreene was considered the most promisin' young man in the State. He was graduated from college and sent to the Legislature a few weeks after he'd reached his majority. Then he was elected to the State Senate an' made speaker of the House. It was durin' the recess of his secon' term, when he was twenty-six, that his mother received a letter from Mrs. Chisholm, her old friend an' playmate, tellin' of her husban's death an' that even her home, would be taken for debt.

"It wasn't in Mrs. Skreene's nature to allow her frien' to suffer while she had a plenty, so the upshot of it all was Quintilian's goin' down to see what could be done for the family. I remember comin' over to see him the evenin' befo' he left—it was then I learned of Blossom's engagement to Hal Steiner."

"Quintilian was away three weeks, and on his return was accompanied by Mrs. Chisholm an' her five children. They staid at the Skreenes' for a month or more, an' Mrs. Skreene was always so careful to tell the neighbors, 'My friend has consented to pay me a visit while she is selectin' an' furnishin' her home.' To have seen her with the Chisholms or have heard her talk you'd have thought she considered her family an' house honored by havin' such distinguished guests. You would never have dreamt that they were livin' on her charity, and, when they finally moved to the adjoinin' place, that she had bought an' furnished it.

"Well, it was; an' it cost a pretty good sum, too, I can tell you. It was a valuable place, an' old Doctor Bailey didn't want to sell; but seein' what a fancy Blossom an' Clara, the eldest Chisholm girl, had taken to each other from the first, Mrs. Skreene said



"HE STEPPED FORWARD TOWARD BLOSSOM, BUT HE WAS TOO LATE. SHE FELL IN A DEAD FAINT"

she wouldn't have them separated. Soon after they moved, it began to be rumored aroun' the neighborhood that Quintilian was mighty partial to Clara. It seems it had been a case of love at first sight with Quintilian, but as long as Clara was in his mother's house, of course he couldn't court her. For," added the Doctor, straightening himself up with dignity, "in those days such conduct would have been considered

"'MARSE HENRY, CHILE, I AIN' NEVER BEEN ABLE TO TRUS' MISS CLARA'"

unbecomin' a gentleman, an' Quintilian Skreene was a gentleman.

"When Clara an' Quintilian became engaged, Blossom decided to change the date of her marriage from February to April so they could have a double weddin'. Such a thing never had been seen in the neighborhood an' everybody was interested. Though some folks said it was bad luck for Blossom an' Hal to change, they were mightily concerned, an' helped all they could with the two houses that Mrs. Skreene was buildin' only a short distance from her home. Of course, Blossom's house had been started an' nearly finished befo' Quintilian's was thought of, but when that was begun an' looked just like Blossom's, everybody said what a beautiful thought it was, since Mrs. Skreene had but two children, to have them married at the same time an' live side by side in houses exactly alike.

"One evenin' just befo' sundown, an' two weeks befo' the weddin', comin' from seein' a patient, I overtook Mammy Sukey, Blossom's an' Quintilian's nurse, who had been up to look at the two new houses.

•

"'Things are lookin' very fine up the road, Mammy,' I had forgotten that she didn't exactly approve of the way things were goin', though nobody had ever been able to make the old soul tell why. 'I suppose you an' Mrs. Skreene will be very well pleased to have Blossom an' Quintilian married an' livin' so near by. You all must be very happy these days.'

"'Things ain't always what they looks, Marse Henry,' she replied, shakin' her head. 'I ain't never said hit, but now hit jes seems like I'm 'blege to tell somebody, an' I can't tell Miss nor Marse 'Tilian.' She stopped on the side of the road, and as I drew rein she said seriously, 'Honey, I must tell somebody, 'case I feel like my heart will bust if I don't, an' I know you won't tell nobody ef nothin' don't come of it.'

"I promised her I wouldn't.

"'Marse Henry, chile,' she said, comin' over an' layin' her han' on my knee, 'I ain' never been able to trus' Miss Clara. The firs' time I seen her with her arms aroun' Blossom it gin me de shivers, an' it was of a warm day, too. She's jes' as sweet as honey an' can palava to beat the ban', but her eyes give her away. Honey, she's got regular runaway-horse eyes. But that ain't all: I heard her talkin' in her sleep twice. Once jes' the night 'fo' she coaxed Blossom to put off her weddin', an' night 'fo' las'. Both times I heard her mention names.'

•

"'Are you quite sure you heard her mention names, mammy?'

"'Yes, chile; an' the first time I went an' begged Blossom not to put off her weddin', then I begged Miss, then I begged Marse 'Tilian. I tole 'em some bad luck jes' 'blege to happen, but they all jes' laughed an' wouldn't pay no heed to me. Marse Henry, I ain' never had no overseer's lash on my back sence I been born, but ef I was to go an' tell the name I heard Miss Clara mention in her sleep an' what I watched an' saw las' night down by the big bay tree, I believe Miss would stan' by an' see the licks laid on herself. Night 'fo' las' I heard Clara talkin' about it in her sleep, so las' night I went in my room and pretended to go to bed. Then I slipped out an' went down to the big bay tree, the place Clara talked about in her sleep. I never had long to wait befo' I seen——'"

The Doctor stopped talking, and, taking the switch, leaned forward and flickered a horsefly from the mule's shoulder. We rode for several moments in silence.

"To tell the truth," he went on, "I thought the old woman was jealous—negro nurses often are, you know—the tale she told was so preposterous. But I promised her I would keep watch every night at the big bay tree, an' if I should see anythin' I would tell Quintilian. I kept my promise, but of course saw nothin'. It was too late; the mischief had been done." He was silent again as if lost in thought; he began with an effort, and I felt that the recollection was not a pleasant one.

"I shall never forget the night of the weddin', it seems like yesterday. The church was an old-fashioned buildin' with two do's and two aisles. The bridal processions were to enter by separate do's, then come up different aisles and meet at the altar. After the ceremony they were to cross over, each party goin' down the aisle an' out the do' by which the other had entered. Our procession—that is, Quintilian's an' Clara's, for I was Quintilian's best man—was to come up the right han' side, an' he an' I were just within the little room to the right of the pulpit. I remember peepin' through the do' and seein' Doctor Dwight, dressed in his robes and with a prayer-book in his han', standin' among the flowers. The organ was playin' softly. Then it changed, an' the deep, full notes of the weddin' march pealed out triumphantly. The do's opened an' the first two couples appeared.

"Doctor Dwight moved toward the steps of the altar and Quintilian an' I went in an' joined him. It was the spring of the year an' the church was decorated with bamboo vines, dogwood flowers an' the blossoms of our wild crab. Many a time, since then, has a whiff of crab blossoms come to me, when out at night, through the pines, or in the early mornin' have I come suddenly upon a dogwood tree in bloom; an' then the inside of the church, as it appeared that night, comes back to me, an', old man that I am, I have the same sickenin' feelin' around the heart that I felt as I watched Blossom walk up the aisle.

•

"In my heart I had always called her my 'Apple Blossom,' so pink an' sweet an' beautiful had she appeared to me. That night was the first time I had ever seen her pale. She looked like a slender lily as she moved up the aisle all alone. How straight she stood, an' how gentle she walked, with eyes all the while fastened on the white prayer-book she carried. She passed her maid of honor and stood at the foot of the altar, but there was no one to receive her. I turned and looked toward the door of the little room, at the left of the pulpit, for a glimpse of Hal, but he was nowhere to be seen. Lookin' back at Blossom, who still stood waitin' with downcast eyes, I became aware of something unusual happening.

"Clara, too, was missin', an' the bridal party an' the people in the church were all gazin' at the do' through which she should come. But in place of the bride came Tony, Mrs. Chisholm's house boy, with a note in his han'. He hurried up the aisle an' handed it to Quintilian. Without a word he tore the note open an' read it, then handin' it to Doctor Dwight he stepped toward Blossom. But he was too late, for befo' he reached her she fell forward in a dead faint. It was the middle of the next day befo' she regained consciousness. Then followed a long spell of brain fever, an' it was late in the fall befo' she was well enough to be moved. Mrs. Skreene now took her to New Orleans, an' they remained there until the breakin' out of the war, two years later.

"At the secon' battle of Manassas, Quintilian was shot in the head. He has been like this ever since. At first a piece of the skull pressed on the brain, so after the war we took him North an' had it trephined, but this had no effect beyond benefittin' his general health. In the winter he sits over the fire, readin' an' smokin', an' in the summer he sits in the pon'. Blossom always has somebody with him. You saw that nigger an' dog sittin' over by the shanty where he changes his clo'es. Well, sometimes Blossom comes an' sits there all day long with her knittin'.

"About ten years ago Clara made her appearance here again with two small children. Her first children had all died, an' she said that Hal, the year befo', had gone on a raid, with a lot of cattlemen, over the Mexican border an' been killed. I told you, didn't I, that the night of the weddin' they ran away an' went to Texas? Well, that's what happened, an' nobody ever heard from them until Clara came here huntin' for her people. But they are all dead or married an' moved away years ago, an' I reckon she would 've gone away without anybody knowin' she had been here if she hadn't met Quintilian comin' up from the pon'. Old an' haggard though she was, he knew her at once. He made her go home with him, an' Blossom took her in an' treated her as if they had always been the best of friends.

•

"Clara hadn't as much as a dollar, an' said, at first, she would take her children to Augusta an' get work in the factories; but Blossom an' Quintilian wouldn't hear of it. They fixed up the old Bailey house for her, an' support her an' her children just as Mrs. Skreene did Mrs. Chisholm. That all happened, as I told you, some ten years ago, but to Quintilian it seems but a few weeks or months. He has had the house he built for her repaired, an' is under the hallucination that at the end of her year of mournin' she will marry him. Very occasionally he goes with Blossom to see Clara—though he fancies he sees her several times a day an' she is as anxious as he for the end of the year."

When the Doctor had finished his story we turned into the public road. As soon as the mule touched its hard surface he pricked up his ears and struck a surprisingly swift trot.

"He knows it's pretty near sundown," said the Doctor, "an' he thinks we are goin' to turn out to go home a short distance down the hill. He always begins to trot when we strike this road, no matter how far I have driven him nor how hot the day."

•

Three years later I went South again, and took the same trip with the Doctor, but this time the work at his kaolin beds was in full blast, and we drove a pair of high-stepping bays instead of one mule. When we reached the branch the bays were unchecked and drank, but the Doctor did not turn up stream to the pond beyond the gall and briar bushes. I asked for a reason and he shook his head as he replied:

"He is no longer there. It happened last summer. One afternoon, when he was goin' home from the pon', he met a man who had tramped up the road from Augusta. He was old and in tatters, but Quintilian knew him, and, standin' there face to face with him, the past all came back. That night Blossom sent for me, but I saw at once that I could do no good. It was but the beginnin' of the end, which came, thank God, swiftly. He was perfectly rational, with all of his old-time brilliancy an' mental strength, but befo' the end of the week we laid him by the side of his mother.

"I hear," he continued, after a few moments' pause, flicking the leaves of the black-jacks with his whip, "that to-night Clara an' Hal give a big water-melon cuttin' as a comin'-out party to their eldest daughter who returned last week from boardin' school."

"And Blossom?" I questioned, after a short silence.

"Blossom," the smile returning to the Doctor's eyes as, with tender reverence, he uttered the name, "is my wife. We were married a month after Quintilian's death."

The Pilgrimage of the Sisters

By Mabel Quiller Couch

WITH DRAWINGS BY CHARLOTTE HARDING

AT ONE end of the table Miss Deborah Singleton sat before her desk writing; at the other end sat Miss Alice Singleton, her sister, watching her. Deborah was making up their accounts, and it was a moment of feverish excitement for both of them.

At length she put down the last figure in the long row, made a mighty dash under them, and began to add them up. This she did by the aid of her fingers, and breathing each number aloud with a kind of hissing noise; if she had ceased breathing them aloud, she would have had to begin again. The noise and the tapping of her fingers tried Miss Alice's nerves painfully.

"Eighty-nine, ninety, nine—ty;" then, having regained her breath, she dashed on again, "ninety-one, nine-two, nine-three, ninety-four"—until out came the "hundred" in almost a shriek of triumph. "Alice, we have got a hundred pounds toward it!"

•

"Then this year we can go," cried Alice excitedly. "Oh, Deb, Deb, isn't it perfectly—let us begin to talk it over at once. Where shall we go, and when?"

"There is no reason why we shouldn't go as soon as we have drawn out the money."

"But where?"

"Well, first of all to London, to get some new things. I am going to be well dressed for once, if I have to make the same things do for the rest of my life. A whole hundred pounds," she said musingly, as though she could hardly yet grasp the fact. "A hundred pounds! Alice, it was worth waiting for."

"Worth waiting fifteen years for?" said Alice a little doubtfully.

"We must not think of that. You see, we have been keeping ourselves comfortable all the time, and we have never actually been in want. We have a good business now, too, and a regular connection; and—and I have been very happy—haven't you?" she asked wistfully.

"Yes, oh, yes," said Alice; "I've been happy, but—we are fifteen years older."

Deborah looked at her quizzically. "I don't know how I look," she said, the wistfulness in her voice becoming more marked; "but you don't look more than thirty. No one"—with conviction—"would guess you were thirty-nine; and after all it doesn't matter, nobody will know us; and I don't feel more than twenty."

"No, I don't suppose it matters—but I should have liked to have my pleasure while I was young and pretty, and have settled down like this, perhaps, later on."

•

"Yes," said Deborah sententiously, "but when one is young one's happiness consists in being able to feed and clothe one's self, and keep a roof over one's head."

"Oh, yes," said Alice flippantly, but with a trace of bitterness lying at the back of it. "If once you can teach yourself that there is no such thing as happiness, and therefore never to expect it, you have pretty well broken the back of things."

Miss Deborah was too excited to discuss anything, and nothing could seem gloomy to her; "July, August," she murmured, thoughtfully; then she stopped abruptly, and looked up quickly at her sister, with an expression in her eyes that looked like fright; a sudden thought had struck her. "Alice," she said in a voice of dismay, "there is all the fruit to be picked, and packed, and sent! It—it must be done—I—I am afraid; the man has partly paid for it. It will keep us here another month at least."

Alice's face fell, then she also looked dismayed. "And—and there are all the Michaelmas geese to be fattened, and all the turkeys for Christmas; they cannot be left to any one else to attend to—oh, Debby, I had

EDITOR'S NOTE—This story is taken from Some Western Folk, by Mabel Quiller Couch, author of The Recovery of Jane Vercoe. Published by Horace Marshall & Son, London.

forgotten it all. We shall never get away, never, never. I wish, oh, I wish—we could let everything slide."

"Ah, so do I," said Deborah emphatically. "Year after year we have been kept at home by one thing or another, and so it will happen again. Alice, we shall have to let things slide or we shall never go."

"I am going," said Alice, with determination. "I have made up my mind."

"Don't you think we had better put it off just once more?" asked Deborah timidly, half hoping, half dreading that Alice would emphatically veto the suggestion.

•

"No, no, no!" cried Alice. "No one knows what may have happened by that time, and with all that money one can afford to lose a little. Don't let us wait any longer."

"I don't want to wait," said Deborah, hoping the matter would be decided for her.

They were silent for many minutes, their great desire at fierce war with their business instincts. Then Alice spoke. All opposition ceasing, her training of the last fifteen years decided the matter, but she had to decide against herself, and she was full of bitter anger.

"Oh, we must stay, of course we must stay. Perhaps we had better give up all idea of ever going away. If we never hope for a holiday, if we don't want one, perhaps in time it may come to us."

"No," said Deborah obstinately, "we will not give up the hope. We will go next year. We will not rear any young birds, and—and—the fruit we must leave to chance. We will go, and repent later, if we have to repent."

That was all that was said on the subject. The sisters went about their work as usual, but with pale, downcast faces and a weary, dejected air, which they only threw off as by degrees they realized that their poultry and their garden were bringing them in unusual profits. "We shall have another ten pounds to add to our holiday fund," said Deborah.

Before a month had passed they had settled down to their old, quietly happy, contented way, working hard, rejoicing over their successes, taking their losses cheerfully, and wrapped up heart and mind in their duties and their possessions, but with ever before them the hope and contemplation of the great holiday that was to come.

•

"I actually feel now as though I didn't want to go away," said Deborah, glancing up from her pansy bed to gaze round the sunny stretch of garden.

"So do I," said Alice. "At the present moment I feel I should like to spend the money on another fowls' house and a tiny greenhouse; but we will go, Debby; it will do us good, and—and enlarge our minds. I am feeling very narrow, aren't you?"

"Yes," sighed Deborah, "very, very narrow, and I am afraid I am getting satisfied with the state. We must have a change."

In a London theatre all was as yet dimness and emptiness. The rows of empty seats held out their arms enticingly in vain; an air of desolation and dreariness filled the place, and was only accentuated by a shout from one part of the house to another, or the heavy footsteps of the attendant as he sauntered round to give a last look at everything.

The stage with its dark baize curtain looked lifeless and dreary, as though nothing could be expected from it for many an hour to come; the chairs and music-stands in the orchestra straggled about with a disconsolate, aimless air, when—"'Alf-past seven, Jim," shouted a voice. In a moment the empty place was flooded with light, the noisy footsteps went briskly up and down stairs and passages, a sound of many rushing feet echoed through the place. One of the attendants still sauntered among the stalls, flicking off stray specks of dust or doing anything he could think of to while away the time—for he knew his part of the house would not begin to fill yet awhile—when he was roused from his careful attention to his nails by the sight of two ladies timidly picking their way among the seats.

The Misses Singleton had many times boasted that they were never late for anything, but in the present case they were actuated as much by the determination to have and to enjoy every moment they could possibly spend inside the theatre as by any desire to sustain their reputations.

•

The attendant showed them to their places, two of the best, and then left, to bandy comments on them with a friend outside. Miss Deborah and Miss Alice having carefully seated themselves and arranged their gowns, gave sighs of contentment, and looked at each other like two pleased, excited children. "I think we managed very well," said Miss Deborah. "I do like to be early."

"I think that seeing the people come in is part of the pleasure," said Miss Alice, "and I am sure we could not be more comfortable than we are here. Oh, dear, what their bills must be for lighting this great place!"

The house soon began to fill; the orchestra came in, the green baize curtain flew up. The sisters sat watching everything and everybody with sympathetic, smiling eyes, for everything was of intense interest to them, and in their imaginations every one there was as excited and full of keen pleasure as they were. They themselves looked a little odd, a little out of place among the smart, well-dressed, bored-looking men and women on either side of them.

They were in evening dress, it is true, and their gowns were of the latest cut and style—Miss Deborah wore blue and Miss Alice pink—but above their gay, juvenile gowns, which would have suited them better had they themselves been fifteen or twenty years younger, their faces looked faded and worn, their necks thin and unbeautiful. Miss Deborah's hair was still dressed as she had worn it for the last ten years; Miss Alice had tried her 'prentice hand—with terrible results—at a coiffure of puffs and rolls, such as were in vogue then.

When the curtain at last rolled up they gripped each other's hands convulsively, and when it fell again they both exclaimed, "Oh!" in one long-drawn gasp of delight. The eagerness of their faces and their almost childish enjoyment made the people around them smile.

"I should like this evening to last forever," said Deborah. "I am so happy, Alice."

Alice looked at her sympathetically. "I want to go on the stage, Debby. I am sure I could act." Then up flew the curtain again, and again a thrill of pleasure made them grasp each other's hands.

•

They had been in London three weeks, and had been to several theatres, but still they gasped like delighted children whenever the curtain rose. When the play was over they left reluctantly, and waited in a state of nervous anxiety while a policeman called them a cab; then, having seated themselves, they leaned forward and thanked the man profusely.

"I shall wear my white silk to the Lyceum to-morrow night," said Alice, leaning back after affably wishing the astonished constable "good-night."

"I must buy a white fan to-morrow," Miss Alice went on.

Deborah sighed a little uneasily, and knew she was going to feel mean. "Would not one of your other fans do?" she asked.

"Oh, no," said Miss Alice decisively. "I must have everything quite white when I wear my white gown. Why did you ask, Debby?"

"For no reason, dear, except—that—except that I thought we ought to be rather more careful. I should not like to have to shorten our holiday, and—and—we have spent a great deal."

"We have that other ten pounds in the bank," said Alice.

"Yes—yes; so we have," answered Deborah; and she tried to put all money cares from her. The sisters felt no desire to go beyond London during this long-planned holiday. They had gone there in the first place to do some shopping, and to make plans for another move, but they had found it so alluring, so wildly, deliriously happy and gay, that all thought of going elsewhere was abandoned. Every morning Alice searched the papers to see what was to be seen or done that day, and every day they started off on a long round of sight-seeing, while hours were spent in shopping or slowly working their way down street after street, gazing enraptured at every shop window, and every night they attired themselves in their juvenile evening gowns and drove off to concert or theatre. No amount of fatigue seemed to tire them, and everything pleased them. Alice's face was beaming with happiness from morning till night. Deborah at times looked a little anxious. Twice she gave up things she had planned to buy.

•

At the end of the fourth week she had to speak again. They were sitting in their bedroom at the hotel; Alice was walking up and down and trying to catch a peep over her shoulder of the set of her train. Deborah was holding in her hand a pair of elaborately beaded slippers that she had just been trying on. "Alice, I—I wonder if we should be comfortable in lodgings?"

"Oh, no," answered Alice promptly; "it would be horrid after this. Here it is a pleasure just to walk up and down the stairs and along the great passages, and it is perfectly lovely to go down those steps in evening dress to one's carriage."

"Oh, yes," sighed Deborah; "I think I should be perfectly happy if I could live in a hotel always, with no trouble of servants or housekeeping or—anything."

"If we cannot always, we will as long as we can. How is our money lasting?"

"I must draw the ten pounds to-morrow."

"Must you, really?" Alice looked astonished. "Perhaps we had better try to get rooms," she said, after a moment's thought. "We must either do that or curtail our visit."

All that day they spent in looking over lodging-houses, but to the country-bred sisters they all wore an absolutely forbidding air of squalor and discomfort, while their costliness amazed them.

"I think we had better curtail our visit," said Alice at dinner that night. "Now, Debby, are you ready?" as the waiter came to announce their cab; and, carefully picking up their light skirts, and holding their pretty cloaks around them in a way that marked them at once as of another and older world, they made their way through the hall and down the steps they loved so much.

"After this I think we must walk," said Deborah; "and perhaps we had better not go in evening dress."

"Then," said Alice, "if this is our last full-dress appearance we must make the most of it."

But in spite of their efforts the evening was a failure. There was ever present to their memories the fact that the end of their tether had been reached. The holiday was nearly over—the holiday for which they had been saving for sixteen years, every year intending that the next should be the year, and their hundred pounds was gone.

"Alice," said Deborah, as they drove home, "I can't go to any of those rooms. We should not be happy there, I am sure. Let us have three days more here and then we can go home on Monday, if we must."

•

Alice gasped a little. "Home on Monday." The tears came into her eyes at the mere thought, and the drive was completed in a miserable silence. But after a cup of tea she felt more cheerful, and was able to face the prospect. "After all, we have three whole days," she said, "and no bother of moving from here. Yes, it will be better; Monday is a long way off yet."

The two remaining week-days they spent in one rush of sight-seeing and tearing from place to place. Each night they proudly swept down the wide staircase and the broad, shallow steps to their cab, bound for a theatre or a concert. The London Sunday was anything but a dull one to them, and by Monday morning their packing was accomplished.

The Monday evening saw them back in their country home. At their door their little servant met them with cheerful, smiling face and hearty welcome, well pleased with the preparations she had made, the cozy comfort of the little sitting-room, and the tale she had to tell them of all that had happened during their absence, and eager to see their appreciation of all she had done.

But they listened to her absently, finding it difficult to take an interest in her wordy recital; her volubility wearied them, and they were too tired to feign an interest they could not feel. Miss Deborah felt a strong inclination to sit down and cry; she could not tell why. Miss Alice looked round with a heavy heart at the low rooms, the tiny passage, and the steep, narrow staircase.

•

An intolerable yearning for the brightness and luxury of the hotel filled her. The prospect of the old life renewed was more than she could face. The little maid went away with a deep disappointment filling her heart; the sisters felt it, too, but the effort to combat it was beyond them.

That night when she went to bed Alice heard an ominous sniffing and sobbing coming from Deborah's room. Half frightened, she went across the landing and looked in and around her sister's door. Deborah was sitting on the floor before the half-unpacked trunk; across her lap lay one of her gay evening gowns, while in her hand she held a program which she had found in her pocket.

Alice sat down on a chair near by and looked at her, a weary hopelessness in her air. "I can't do it," she said. She spoke in so decisive a tone that Deborah looked at her wondering. "I can't face it," she went on. "Our holiday has spoiled me. I can never endure the old life again. It's no use to talk," she went on in a low, dreary voice; "I can't do it. I can't face the long, quiet days; the waking up in the morning to the same monotony; the dressing and coming down to our solitary breakfast; the getting up from that to go through the dreary round of work; the solitary dinner, and more work, or the delirious excitement of reading a newspaper; the solitary tea, and then—and then—nothing, nothing, nothing. It isn't life; it's stagnation; it's—it's living death, and I have such a capacity for enjoyment."

Deborah was frightened out of her sentimentality. "I wish we had never gone away—no, no, I don't; 'twas perfectly lovely, but—but we were happy before. Alice, don't look like that. You are tired to-night. To-morrow we shall be better. I'm sure we shall. We shall have so much to see. Jane says the hens are laying so well, and the trees are just covered with fruit."

"I hate the very thought of both," said Alice bitterly. "For sixteen years we slaved at them——"

"Yes, but they have kept us and given us a home—together—instead of—and think of the holiday we have had," said Deborah, feeling more reconciled herself in her efforts to reconcile her sister. "Now we must begin again and save for another holiday."

"In another sixteen years' time," said Alice bitterly.

"No, no; it will be easier now, and we will not wait so long again. We will go oftener, and not spend so much. Fancy, a hundred and ten pounds gone, all gone——"

"I don't regret it in the least," said Alice vigorously. "If we had not spent it on that, we should have spent it on henhouses or—or something."

She got up and shook herself a little, as though to shake off the depression that gripped her so tightly. Deborah made herself take a brighter view of life. "Alice, we will save every farthing, we will stint and screw, and live as economically as possible and we will go again next year."

•

That night they went to bed early to save lamp oil; but Alice lay wide awake in the darkness, and stared blindly, hopelessly upward, feeling life grow more intolerable with every moment, and the only thought which brought her any comfort was that she was saving—a mere nothing—but still something toward getting away again.

At Christmas, Deborah announced with delight that, after all expenses were paid and a sum put in the bank toward their capital, they had five pounds toward a holiday.

Alice tried to force a smile. "Supposing we get ten pounds by next summer, what good is ten pounds in London?"

"We might go somewhere else—to some cheap, quiet place. We might have two or three days in London," said Miss Deborah.

"I want weeks—I want months—oh, Debby, I—want to go forever."

Deborah looked half scared. "We—we have our—capital—we—could draw from that," she stammered, anxious only to soothe and please Alice.

For a moment a deep silence held them, while they stared at each other with eager, frightened eyes. Then Alice, with a heavy sigh, shook her head. "No," she said; "we must not touch that; that is to keep us in bread and water when we are old."

"When we are past work and past enjoyment," said Deborah sighing; "and we may never live to want it."

Nothing more was said on the subject, only the pinching and saving continued.

•

When June came, and Deborah sat down to make up her accounts, Alice went out of the room. Miss Deborah hissed and tapped, and heavily breathed her way through column after column of figures. It seemed to be hard work, and she appeared very tired when she went slowly out to seek her sister.

"Alice," she said, without looking at her, "we have only nine pounds, unless——"

Miss Alice was kneeling down, caressing a little lame duckling. "Don't talk about—Debby, I don't want to go away—I mean I cannot—I had better not."

"No?" said Miss Deborah questioningly.

"I—I can't face the settling down again—I could never do it. We are accustomed to it again now; let us stay on—and put the money to the capital—to the old-age bread-and-water fund."

"And make it bread and milk," said Miss Deborah, with the faintest glimmer of a smile. Then she added gravely, "Alice, I am so—so relieved that you don't want to go. I—I was afraid—myself. I think, after all, that one is happier when one is narrow-minded and humdrum. I was afraid once of getting so, and becoming content with the state, now——"

"Now it is what I pray for," said Alice.

"MISS ALICE WAS KNEELING DOWN CARESSING THE LITTLE LAME DUCKLING"

THE ONE WHO WAS FAITHFUL

BY ELLEN THORNEYCROFT FOWLER

Why did you take all I said for certain
When I so gleefully threw the glove?
Couldn't you see that I made a curtain,
Out of my laughter, to hide my love?
—Without Understanding.

DID it ever occur to you, Marjorie, that love is a great reality?" asked Godfrey Strange somewhat sternly.

But Marjorie only laughed. "Not a great reality, my dear sir. No, no; rather a pretty pastime, I should say."

"How dare you speak in that way to me?" cried the young man, a flush of anger rising up to his forehead.

"Without the slightest difficulty. I do not ever need to screw my courage to the sticking-point when I am addressing my dear young friend, Godfrey Strange, Esq. Even your most righteous wrath fails to quell my undaunted spirit. Don't you think such unquestionable intrepidity ought to earn for me the Victoria Cross?"

But Godfrey would not smile at her pretty fooling. "You are too frivolous," he said. "Everything is just a plaything to you, and you take nothing seriously—not even my love for you."

"And you, on the other hand, take everything too seriously, and never play at all. You place love on a level with chess and whist, and such horrid, dull, intellectual games; and so neither you, nor anybody else, get any pleasure out of yourself and your feelings."

"I really cannot understand you, Marjorie. You say that you love me, and yet——"

"And so I do; so I do—ont he rare occasions when you are frivolous. In your graver moods you are like a cathedral—very impressive architecturally, but apt to give the ordinary tourist a chill if confined within its cloisters too long. When Aunt Mary was in Rome she always carried a little knitted shawl, to slip over her shoulders when she went into the churches. I often think of providing myself with a like garment to put on when you preach."

"You are very unkind, Marjorie."

•

"My dear boy, I am not. I once met a man who divided his female friends into two sections—the women he flirted with on Sundays, and the women he flirted with on week-days. Now, I always feel that flirting with you is an exercise whereof the most rigid Sabbatarian would approve, and set apart for Sunday afternoons."

"You seem to think," said Godfrey sadly, "that my heart is an instrument specially made for you to play tunes upon, regardless of my sufferings while each particular chord is struck."

"Well, isn't it?" asked Marjorie, with an air of child-like surprise.

"Darling, how can you?" said Godfrey, with a very suspicious break in his deep-toned voice.

"How can I what?—play tunes on your heart? Oh! easily; but some tunes come easier than others, you know. Minor hymns, for instance, and funeral marches and lovesick ditties are much more easily played upon the instrument you mention than dances and national anthems and hallelujah choruses."

"Please don't go on like this, dear, when our parting is so near."

"Very well; I'll go, anyhow you like, if you'll not select the program."

"You see, Marjorie, going away like this cuts up a fellow awfully."

"So I perceive; the cutting-up is as public an operation as hanging used to be some years ago—there is nothing whatever hidden or secret about it."

"I have given up all hope of ever doing any good in England," continued Godfrey sadly; "but it doesn't follow that I shall therefore succeed in Florida. I may never be able to afford to ask you to marry me; and even if that happy time ever does come, it will be years and years hence."

•

"When we are both quite old it will be rather nice to 'keep company' in bath-chairs, don't you think? and to make love down ear trumpets, and eyes through spectacles!"

"It would always be nice to make love to you, at any time or in any place," answered Godfrey, his heart full of love for her.

"Even when age has withered me, and custom staled my infinite variety?"

"Yes; even then—though that time will only come in a month of Sundays."

"But a honeymoon with you would be a month of Sundays, don't you see? That is what I have been trying to impress upon you for the last half-hour—or more."

"Dear, shall you miss me much?" asked the young man tenderly.

"Awfully, for the first fortnight."

"Only for a fortnight?"

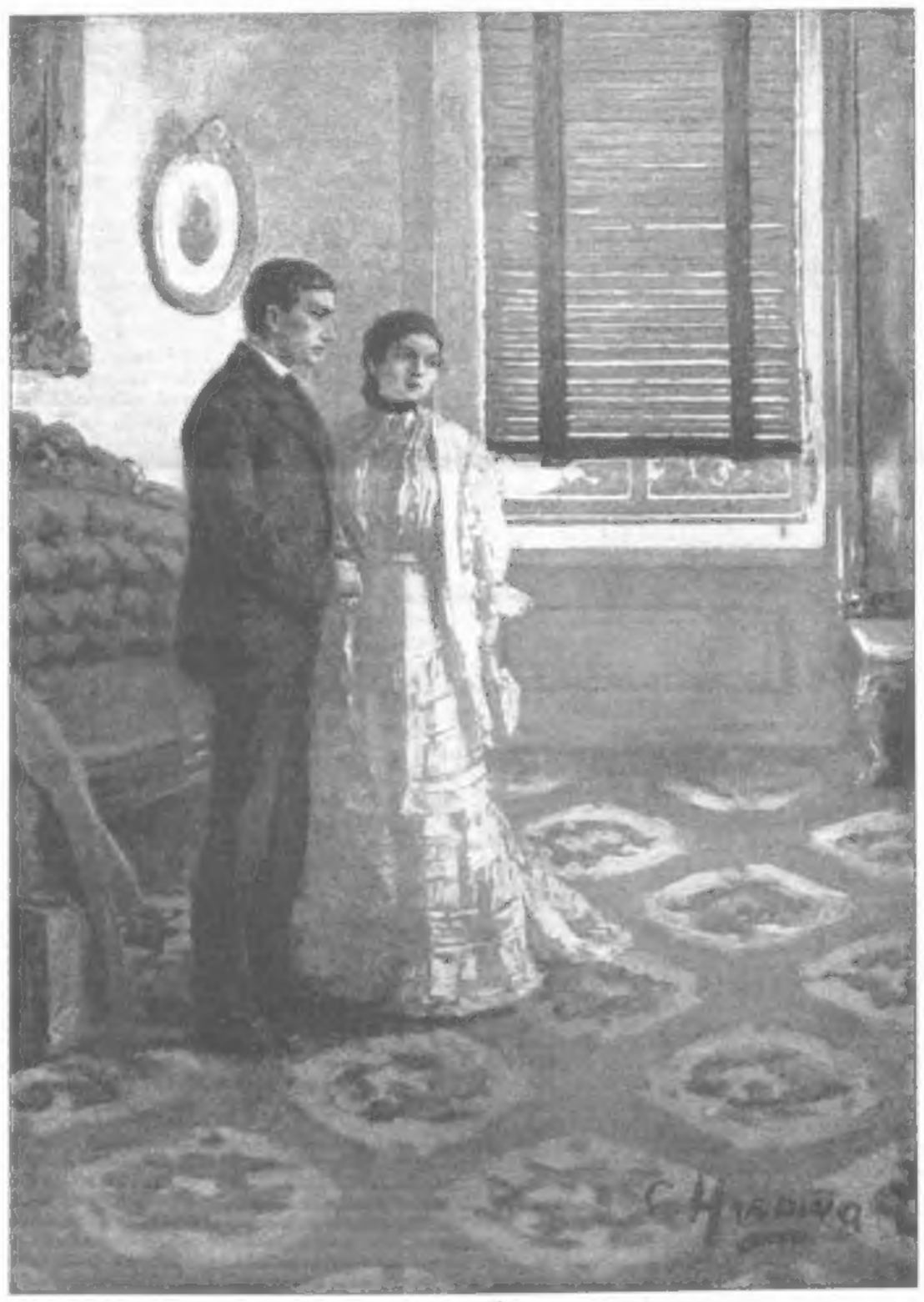
"What I should call the acute symptoms will last for quite a fortnight; after that the pain, though severe, will be bearable."

"Marjorie, you know I shall always love you, and never any woman but you. I want you to remember this, though I have no right to ask you to promise to remember me."

•

"And it would make no difference if I did. If I remember I shall remember, and if I forget I shall forget—promise or no promise. You might as well ask me to promise not to grow thin or gray in your absence. What will be will be, and a whole litany of promises can neither help nor hinder it in any way."

"You know Stephen Farrer is going out West with me, and will take half my orange-farm off my hands. We'll work together."



"THEY KEPT THEIR FACES AVERTED TO HIDE THE INTENSENESS OF THEIR EMOTION"

"Yes, I know; and will also leave his heart behind him with my sister Dorothy."

"That is so, poor beggar! and if he minds it as much as I do, I, for one, pity him."

"Do you think he is very fond of Dorothy?" asked the girl hesitatingly.

"Extremely."

"As fond as you are of me?"

"I don't know; there is no common measure to which I can reduce the amount. But of one thing I am sure—she is a precious sight fonder of him than you are of me."

Marjorie laughed. "Dorothy is a dear girl, with a perfect genius for being fond of people," she said; "but fondness comes so much easier to her than it does to me, that you ought to admire, rather than to commend her; just as you should admire rather than commend her for having light blue eyes that say forget-me-not to every one alike."

"While you, my good Marjorie, have dark-blue eyes that say speedwell to every one who looks into them, but with no word of regret to sadden their good-speed."

And poor Godfrey sighed as he gazed into the dark-blue eyes, which smiled back with no sign of softening.

Dorothy and Marjorie Allen were the daughters of the Vicar of Meadowsleigh, and were the most popular girls in the village. Dorothy, the elder, because of her sweet unselfishness and unruffled amiability; and Marjorie, the younger, because of her high spirits and sunny lightheartedness.

•

From the days of their childhood, Dorothy had been beloved by Stephen Farrer, and Marjorie by Godfrey Strange; but the twin courses of the sisters' true love were unable to run smoothly, on account of that hideously frequent obstacle, poverty, which has such an unhappy knack of sticking itself right in the way of the life-giving stream, and thereby turning the crystal waters into stagnant pools—which soon become Dead Seas.

But no incident came to Meadowsleigh; and Godfrey's heart began to grow bitter within him because of hope deferred. He pictured Dorothy and Marjorie growing into soured old maids, and sitting desolate on the bank while the river of life flowed by; not guessing (how could he, poor soul! being only a man?) that love alone is sufficient to fill a woman's existence, provided that the man she loves loves her, and she knows it; then she will smile at the distance between them, and find happiness and rest in his love and in his letters—even though the former come from half across the globe, and the latter cost her at least two cents apiece for extra postage on every letter.

So Godfrey persuaded his friend, Stephen, that it would be well for them both if they turned their backs on the England, which had proved so niggardly a mother to them, and tried their luck in the far West; and it was finally decided that the two young men should see if they could not arrange a meeting amid the orange-groves of Florida with that fickle Dame Fortune, who refused to bow to them at home, like certain other fine ladies who are often friendly abroad with folks they wouldn't notice at home.

"Dorothy, darling, you'll never forget me, will you?" said Stephen Farrer to his beloved, not long before his departure.

"Never, Stephen; how could I forget you? Why, you have been all the world to me ever since I was in pinafores."

"But suppose that Godfrey and I don't get on any better there than here, Dorothy?"

"I shall still go on loving you all the same. If you did not come back for twenty years, you would still find me, when you did come, waiting for you—watching for you."

"You darling!"

"You see, Stephen, love is everything to me. Strong, bright natures like Marjorie's don't realize how I need it; they can be well and happy all by themselves; but I feel I must love and cling to somebody, or else I could not go on living."

"I only wish I could stay here to be clung to," sighed Stephen, ruefully.

"So do I. I always feel quite satisfied when I am with you, as if life had nothing better to offer; but when you are away, everything seems horrid, and there is no pleasure in anything."

"My poor, dear little girl, how you will miss me!"

"I shall, dreadfully. There will be a sort of toothache in my heart all the time, and even when I am talking to other people the pain will go on and on; and it will never stop till you come home again."

"But you must not fret too much, my sweet; it will spoil your beauty if you do."

•

"I don't mind. I only like my prettiness because it pleases you; and if you cannot see me I don't care how hideous I get." And Stephen's answer to this was not a verbal one, but it sufficed.

In spite of the lovers' misery, the days flew by only too quickly, and all too soon the sad day came when Godfrey and Stephen had to say good-by to the dear old life, and sail for the new one awaiting them beyond the sunset. Dorothy shed floods of tears, and made herself ill with crying; but Marjorie put a braver face on the matter, and no one knew what she suffered in her silence.

And life at Meadowsleigh drifted on in the old channels, with the one tremendous difference, while each girl in her own heart pondered on the marvel that the coming and going of one particular man can turn a wilderness into an enchanted garden, and *vice versâ*, and learned the lesson that, as when all the earth was an Eden, there was only one man and one woman in the world, so, when there is only one man and one woman in the world, all the earth becomes an Eden again.

Godfrey and Stephen had a hard time at first on their orange-farm; but they were respectively "cheered, but not inebriated," by Dorothy's loving and Marjorie's lively letters, and were full of hope of a bright future, wherein these two young ladies played an important part. But one dreadful night a freeze came and swept away the work of three years; and then the two young men sat down and faced the truth, that they must go back and begin at the beginning all over again.

•

They were manly enough to feel it their duty to refrain from asking anyone to go back with them; and did not know that the two girls at home were womanly enough to desire above all things to go back with and wait for the men they loved, if only the men requested them so to do. So in their masculine ignorance they wrote and told the Allen girls that all must be at an end between themselves and their quondam loves, owing to the failure of the orange-grove; so poor Dorothy and her sister, being but women, were forced to submit without a murmur, even though it well-nigh broke their hearts. But Godfrey remembered, not without a pang, how—in the intervals of his love-making—Marjorie used to flirt with Sir Wilmot Goodrich, the rich squire of Meadowsleigh, and well-nigh bewitch the young man with her merry ways and sparkling wit; and though Dorothy was too much absorbed with her devotion to Stephen ever to think of flirting with any one else, Stephen knew that she was far too pretty a woman to be let alone if he were not in the way.

•

For some years after breaking off their connection with Meadowsleigh, Godfrey Strange and Stephen Farrer struggled through much poverty and many privations, and often sang a melancholy Te Deum that they had not brought the women they loved into such sore straits as they themselves were in. Then Fortune—in her usual feminine way—completely changed her tactics, and began to shower her favors on those who had ceased to ask for them, and to whom they came too late. So that, after several more years of toil and hardship, Strange and Farrer became comparatively rich men. But by that time they were regular old bachelors, and had no one to share their riches. Dame Fortune—silly creature!—has surely never learned the lesson that those give twice who give quickly, or she would not be so tardy in stretching out her hand.

After an absence of fifteen years, Godfrey and Stephen again set foot in England, and went straight to Meadowsleigh; and, as they knew nothing of how Time had dealt with that village since they went away, they repaired to the little post-office to find out.

*EDITOR'S NOTE—This story, The One Who Was Faithful, is taken from Cupid's Garden, a collection of charming stories, by Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler. Published by Cassell and Company.

The old post-mistress, who had distributed their love letters, was dead; and her successor knew not the wanderers.

"Does Parson Allen still live here?" inquired Strange, after purchasing sufficient postage stamps to justify a conversation.

"Bless me! no, sir. Parson Allen has been dead these ten years."

"And his daughters—what of them?" asked Godfrey, his voice sounding husky.

"One of them married Sir Wilmot Goodrich, of Meadowsleigh Park; and a sweet, bright lady she is. She has three children—a boy and two girls. Sir Wilmot fairly dotes on her and them."

"And what became of the other sister?" asked Stephen; Godfrey was silent.

"Oh! Miss Allen lives in a little house at the other end of the village, close to the gates of Meadowsleigh Park. She has never married—on account of a disappointment when she was young, people say. She is quiet and sad, and very thin; while her sister, Lady Goodrich, is as stout and handsome a lady as one could see in a summer's day."

•

"And does Miss Allen live all alone?" asked Stephen, a tender light in his eyes.

"Quite alone, save for one servant. She is very good to the poor, and works among them all her time. Poor lady! It is sad for her to be so poor and lonely."

"Let us go out-of-doors!" said Godfrey impatiently; "it is stifling hot in here."

When they were outside again, Stephen laid his hand gently on the other's arm. "I am awfully sorry, old fellow!" he said.

"It was my own doing," said Godfrey. "I gave her her liberty, and I cannot blame her that she accepted it. And Goodrich always admired her, you know, even in the old days, and used to be frantically jealous of me. She was too light-hearted to wear the willow long."

"Yes; she was very bright and lovable, but things did not go deep with Marjorie as they did with Dorothy."

•

"Marjorie could not help that; it was just how she was made," cried Godfrey, still defending his former love. "She never pretended to be different."

"That is true."

"If a man loves a brilliant woman, he must not hope to find her as clinging and tractable as her sweeter and gentler sisters. You cannot buy diamonds and expect them to keep you warm, you know, my dear Farrer. Yet I prefer diamonds any day!"

"Do you mind coming with me? I cannot keep away from her a minute longer than is necessary; but I would rather you did not come if it will hurt you in any way."

Godfrey laughed bitterly. "It will not hurt me more than I am already hurt. Besides, I should like to see Dorothy again, for old friendship's sake, though I could hardly face Marjorie just yet."

They soon arrived at the Park gates, close to which was Miss Allen's cottage. The lodge-keeper was working in his garden.

"Are the family at home?" Stephen asked.

"No sir. But Miss Allen is at home, if you care to step in and see her."

So the two travelers did step into Miss Allen's cottage, and were shown by her little maid-servant into a tiny drawing-room.

"If you will wait a minute, I will tell Miss Allen that you are here," she said.

•

And as they waited, Stephen Farrer felt contented rather than exuberant. It would be very peaceful to have a home, with Dorothy always by his side; but hard work had knocked all the romance out of his nature.

And Godfrey Strange, meanwhile, looked out of the window over the well-remembered landscape, and knew that his heart was as young as ever; that if only Marjorie had been as faithful as her sister, he could have loved her now as tenderly as of old.

And then the door opened, and a thin, sad-faced woman came into the room, with outstretched hands, to welcome back the friend and lover of her youth; and to prove to them that in some women's hearts there is no such thing as forgetfulness, but that the love "which was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be," in spite of age and time.

And the woman who came into the room was Marjorie Allen; it was Marjorie, the merry-hearted Marjorie, not Dorothy, who had proved faithful through the long years.

THE WOMAN WHO TRUSTED

BY

WILL N. HARBEN

WITH PHOTOGRAPHIC ILLUSTRATIONS BY MATHILDE WEIL

Twenty-eighth Chapter

THAT night Wilmot slept the heavy, dreamless sleep of a dumb animal driven to exhaustion, and yet when he awoke the next morning he was unrefreshed.

As he lay with his gaze on the ceiling, he heard Chester merrily whistling in his room. How quickly, he thought, had he and Chester changed places, like coins under the manipulation of a magician. What a fearful magician Fate had been, to transform him from the lover of Muriel to the *fiancée* of an elderly woman for whom he had not one grain of any feeling but gratitude. Truly he had changed as much as Chester. Only a few days ago Chester had been groping blindly through black caverns of despair, and now—what a gleeful whistle! Chester had become a boy again. After all, manhood was such a grim thing! Wilmot shuddered. He was to succeed Albert W. Sennett, who had died in ripe old age. Wilmot's boyhood had remained with him so faithfully up to now, but it had suddenly deserted him. Somehow he felt old—old, too, in wrong doing.

He hoped Chester would not stop, with his cheerful face, as he went out to breakfast. There seemed more ease in morbid brooding than in fighting it. He wanted to keep his pain under cover as men protect a burn from the air. Chester's whistle was irritating.

It was louder now, for Chester had opened his door and was coming out. Then the whistle suddenly ceased, and Wilmot knew that his friend was trying to pass without waking him. He heard him descend the stairs, and then he heard him returning. The footsteps slowed up and stopped, and then there was a rustling of paper, and a letter was pushed under the door.

Wilmot picked it up in an indifferent way. What letter could interest him now?

It was from Muriel; it had been posted at nine o'clock the previous night.

> "*Dear Wilmot:*" she wrote, "I feel that I must make an explanation. It was not till we were driving to the Galatin last evening that I learned why you hadn't accompanied us all the way. If I had dreamed that Madame was suggesting such a thing to you—my oldest and best friend—I should have opposed it indignantly, with all my might. For the world I would not have you feel that I could be ashamed to be seen in your company under any circumstances. Do come and see me at once and allow me to explain! I feel so homesick and lonely up here among strangers. Do let me be your friend as of old! Do let me, even if what I heard you say is true. I am dazed. I cannot understand. I cannot realize it. I cannot believe it. Your action must have been right else you—in whom I have so much faith—would not have done it. MURIEL."

Wilmot sat with the letter in his hand a long time before deciding how to answer it; then he wrote as follows:

> "*My Dear Little Friend:*—In such an important matter as this I cannot allow you to act on the generous impulse of your great big heart. Madame Augier was right; I ought not to be seen with you at the Galatin. The lady whom I am to marry evidently has enemies, and they are not now favorably disposed toward me. It would kill me to be the means of drawing *you* into notice in connection with a name now so notorious as mine. For your own sake don't even say up here that you know me, but think as well of me as you can. What I have done seemed to me right. Faithfully your friend,
>
> "WILMOT LEE."

The note did not seem right to him; it seemed hard and cruel, but he had put it beyond his power to write what was really in his heart. When he went down to the café he sent off the note by a messenger.

That afternoon about three o'clock, as he was trying to work on a short story, the plot of which had once held great attractions for him but now seemed chaotic and unmanageable, a servant brought up Muriel's card, with the information that the lady was waiting in the parlor below.

She was sitting on the sofa at the window, looking abstractedly out at a few pots of Mrs. McGowan's half-famished flowers.

•

"You ought not to have come, Muriel, but it is so good of you. Why did you come?" he said gently, as he took her hands and pressed them impulsively.

"Don't reproach me," she said, her voice trembling. "Mr. Chester was with me this morning when your message came. I told him I wanted to see you—that I must see you—and he said there'd be no harm in my coming, that the parlor belonged to the landlady, and——"

Her voice broke, and she paused, her eyes raised to his in piteous appeal. He tried to speak but could think of nothing to say. One great thought filled his mind, shutting out everything else as a fog hides a landscape. Just one thought—how dear she was to him, and how hopelessly they were separated—parted by his own act.

She began to make thrusts with her umbrella at the carpet. Her hands looked so white, so cold—so delicately blue-veined. Had she been masked and mute those telltale hands would have betrayed her distress.

"Perhaps, according to conventional rules, I ought not to be here," she went on valiantly, speaking as one nerved to be equal to a crisis; "but my conscience commanded me to come. I could not wait another minute—not a minute! I—I should have died! Why, why did you do it, Wilmot? I saw her last night in the dining-room. A woman can read a woman, and—and I know you, too. Forgive me, but I could swear that you do not love her! I knew it the minute I saw her; I now read the truth in your eyes. Tell me, why did you do it? Oh, Wilmot, Wilmot!"

•

He would have had her less pitiless, less persistent, for her sake more than his.

"I can't make any explanation, Muriel, even to you, now," he managed to say. "I am to marry her—that's all. The how, or why, or wherefore, doesn't matter now. What difference does it make what killed a man—when he is dead? Why ask what mad impulse is behind any act when that act is irrevocable? I am to marry her—it's in the papers; her reputation would suffer, and I——" but the words seemed to choke him.

"Yes, but——"

"Fate won't be argued with," he interrupted with a forced smile—a sort of grimace, like the smile on the face of a bronze idol in Muriel's room at home. "It is settled." Then he grew serious, so serious that he frowned. "Yes, the engagement has been announced, and now that all this ridicule has appeared in the papers I shall—I must—stand by her. I can't say it will be for the best! It isn't for the best! It's a sin, it's a shame, Muriel, but from my standpoint I can see no other way. All my life I have had dinned into my mind the duty of a man to a woman, Southern chivalry, honor! Oh, I'm sick of it all! If there were only some one that I could kick, fight—kill—tear limb from limb, I would——"

"Please don't! Oh, please don't!"

"Forgive me, Muriel." He rose and stood at the window, in the piteous helplessness of a man trying to be brave, lashing himself into the path he blindly saw as the path of duty and honor.

•

Memories of daring deeds of his boyhood flashed through her mind. He was the bravest, truest, best man she had ever known—her ideal, her ideal now worse than ever, in his defense of the woman he had promised to marry, and yet he was in peril. Peril! it could be nothing else.

She stood beside him, and caught his arm with a sudden, involuntary motion of her hand.

"I didn't close my eyes all last night, Wilmot," she said with a quick, indrawn breath that was like a sob. "I heard the clock strike every hour. I was trying to make it all out, like a child working out a puzzle, but it couldn't come plain to me; there seemed to be some pieces missing. I know you were grateful for what she did about your manuscript, but that couldn't have been all—that wouldn't be enough. It couldn't be all. It could not, Wilmot!"

"Not all?" He was wondering if she could suspect the truth—if she knew about his father's weakness and sin.

"No; not all, Wilmot." Then came a slight quaver in her voice as of words filtered through sobs. "You know your father and I have always been good friends?"

He nodded; a startled expression came into his eyes. Did she know it? He looked nervously at her.

"When he returned from New York the other day," went on Muriel tremulously, "he met me on the street, and walked home with me, and we talked all the way home. He could talk of nothing but you—your nobleness—his pride in you. Then I spoke of how good you were, and somehow he broke down completely and he cried like a child, Wilmot; and then he told me all about his awful trouble, and your rescue. He said some new friend of yours had advanced money to you, and with it you had saved him. I see it all, Wilmot; she—Mrs. Sennett—is your new friend, and you were

MURIEL SITTING AT THE WINDOW, LOOKING ABSTRACTEDLY OUT AT MRS. McGOWAN'S HALF-FAMISHED FLOWERS

EDITOR'S NOTE—This story, The Woman Who Trusted, was begun in No. 48 of the POST, May 28.

so grateful—oh, Wilmot, it would be like some women to use a thing like that to gain a purpose. And it would be like your noble heart to be willing, in an impulsive moment, to——"

"Stop!" commanded Wilmot suddenly.

"I must finish or it will kill me," said the girl. "I've money in my own name, and if you don't allow me to advance it instead of her I'll never be happy again. Oh, Wilmot, have mercy on me!"

She held her hands to her face and sank on the sofa. For a moment neither spoke. Then he said:

"You must not think about that; I don't deny that Mrs. Sennett was the one who advanced the money, but it's all over now; it's done. I have placed her in a perilous social position through the publicity given to the whole miserable affair. If it weren't for that, then—then I could yet act differently. Oh, Muriel! Muriel! darling, I have put beyond me the right to say such a thing, but I do want you to know that you—you are all I love on earth; all, all, Muriel," and he broke into sobs which even the knowledge of the danger of intrusion into the parlor could not keep back any longer.

"Yet she's to be your wife," said Muriel, uncovering her white face; "you see I can't think of that as a reality. And, as your wife, and being a rich woman, she would have the right to demand, at least, that you should not accept a loan from me! Forget that I offer it. I wanted to hear you say that you loved me, Wilmot; but perhaps, after all, it was a selfish wish."

•

She moved toward the door. He could hardly control the impulse to throw his arms around her and to tell her this frightful situation was only a dream; that it had nothing to do with their lives. Never before had they spoken of their love to each other; never formulated it in words so final, so complete, so unmistakable. It seemed in a paradoxic way to transmute his agony of regret into a moment of exquisite bliss, while almost simultaneously it increased that agony a hundredfold.

"You must come to see me, though; I insist on that," she said. The words seemed to bring him suddenly back to consciousness. "Oh, I must see you again soon, Wilmot—I must. I cannot let you go out of my life—this way."

"I can't promise," he said. "I cannot dare to hope it, Muriel dear. It would be unjust to you. It would create gossip, and your name must never suffer. I have done wrong enough. Know only that I love you—that the only way to act in this miserable situation is for me to do no further wrong.

The strain was becoming too intense to be borne. With a few hurried words and a fervent clasp of hands, Muriel hurried away to hide her tears from Wilmot.

• • •

Twenty-ninth Chapter

ONE afternoon, two days later, Chester invited Wilmot to take tea with him at the Palace Hotel.

"It is actually the most spacious affair in the world," said he, "and it's jolly to drop into that big tea-room about this time of day and listen to the music. It reminds me of the seashore," he went on, in his light-hearted way, "when I watch the swells come and go. This is really the focus of New York's ultra-fashionable society."

The tea-room was a big circular space in the very centre of the hotel. It was roofed with glass, and decorated with great palms and flowers. A Hungarian orchestra, with the members in native costume, played in a balcony overhead. Almost all of the round tables were filled with men in business dress and ladies in street attire. Great fans were revolving overhead, and a fountain was shooting its cooling spray almost to the apex of the tent-shaped roof.

It was delightfully cool and pleasant. As they sat down the two men had the entire room before their eyes. Through doors opening in all directions they could look down long corridors which were seemingly endless, vistas of plants, statues in niches, and tall, gold-framed mirrors.

Chester ordered a pot of chocolate, with whipped cream and cakes.

"I don't see a soul that I know," he said to Wilmot, "but it is not always the case. Many of my friends come here in the afternoon. I always feel, somehow, that I'm living like the rest when I come here in my frock suit. People don't know but that I'm a Western cattle-king. Sometimes they look at me as if they were wondering who I am, and even that's pleasanter than knowing. There are so many grades of society. That young lady on our right would think we had plebeian taste if she noticed our chocolate and cakes. She ordered that pink ice because it harmonized with her gown. Who knows? She may be as hard up as any of us. Life is as delicately graduated from hardship to luxury as a stalk of asparagus from leathery butt to juicy tip. But what luck have you had the last few days, old man? Anything new?"

"Nothing but continual disappointments," answered Wilmot. "They pile up on me so heavily now that the new ones hardly have the power to bring additional pain."

"Another rejection?" asked Chester.

"Worse than that."

"What can it be?"

"King & Burton are going to delay the publication of my book."

"For what reason?"

"They gave none; their communication was very vague." Chester gazed at Wilmot steadily. He was silent for several minutes, then he brought his fist down on Wilmot's table with a firm, resounding blow.

"As a friend, Wilmot, I must talk plainly to you," he said. "You ought to know the true situation."

"What do you mean?"

Chester cleared his throat, and crossed his legs rather awkwardly.

•

"You know, perhaps, that old Burton's a very cranky fellow, and that both members of the firm are old-fashioned—genuine old fogies."

"I've been told so."

"Harrison seems to have heard something relative to your book from his friend Lester. He says, to make a long story short, that the reports about your engagement in the papers infuriated the firm to such a degree that they positively ordered Soul to return the manuscript to you. It seems, however, that Soul made them understand that if they returned the manuscript, after having signed the contract, you might recover damages. Harrison is not positive, but he thinks, as they made no agreement as to the date of publication, that they'll simply tire your patience out by repeated delays."

Wilmot was looking down the long corridor; not a muscle of his face had moved.

"I'm not wholly unprepared for it," he said. "Soul refused to speak to me the other day. The truth is, I am not unprepared for anything."

When Wilmot parted with Chester a few minutes later he went to call on Mrs. Sennett. Her apartments were filled with the delightful fragrance of fresh violets, and she met him with a glad smile of welcome.

"Oh, you truant, tardy man!" she cried, parting the curtains and entering. "Where have you been?"

She took his hand in one of hers, and laid the other on his arm affectionately. Had he been a coward he would have begged for his release; less a gentleman, he would have torn his arm from her clasp. He allowed her to lead him into the salon, and arrange the pillows on the lounge for him to sit down. He could not help thinking of a guillotine. But what mattered the guillotine to him! Had he not already lost his head—lost it on the day when gratitude had made him a fool?

"You do not look well," she went on gently. "Too much work, I'm sure?"

He nodded, but said nothing.

"I have a delicate matter to speak to you about," continued Mrs. Sennett, sitting down beside him and interlacing her fingers, which were made to look fatter and shorter than they really were by the diamonds massed upon them. "Oh, no!" she ejaculated suddenly. "It's not about those horrid newspaper articles. I know they must have annoyed you considerably, but as an author constantly before the public you'll soon get accustomed to that sort of thing. Mrs. Langdon was saying only this morning that it would give your book a big boom. She says it makes no difference what the sensation is, just so that it brings the author's name prominently before the public. But—but what are you looking at me like that for, I'd like to know?"

•

"Have you," he asked, "have you been talking to that woman? Can it be possible that you would speak to her again?"

Mrs. Sennett laughed.

"Oh, I see; you thought I'd get angry! No; I wouldn't let her have that gratification; besides, the notice was—oh, so much milder than I thought it would be! The editor blue-penciled part of it, I'm sure. He was afraid of a suit for slander. No; I treat her as if nothing had happened. It would not do to treat her otherwise. She's a dangerous woman—a dangerous one, or a good one, just as she feels disposed. She borrowed my carriage and horses this morning to drive an English club-woman round town. I hadn't the heart to refuse her. She knows how to get round one. She is going to give your book a catchy review, she says. She asked me yesterday when it would be out. I couldn't tell her, and as you were not here I telegraphed King & Burton, and incidentally mentioned that I wanted five hundred copies. They answered that nothing had been decided on as to the date of publication."

He sprang to his feet, and stood before her quite red in the face, a quivering hand resting on the table.

"I'm sorry you did that," he said, wondering at his self-control. "You ought not to have applied to them."

"But why, pray? They don't get many orders—cash orders like mine."

Had she been a man he could have cursed her. As it was, certain lines across her brow, accentuated by the breaks they had made in the coating of powder, reminded him of his mother. He was to marry this woman that reminded him of his mother!

"They have delayed the publication of my book," he said, determining not to reveal the whole truth, "and I thought a request like yours might vex them a little. That's all."

"They won't care for that," she said. "Indeed, it may make them hasten matters. But here's what I wanted to see you about. It's a question of money. It is strange, but that seems always to be our topic of conversation. I may as well come to the point, and you, you silly, sensitive man—must be sensible. I have more money than I can use, and you are having an awfully hard time of it. You will have some expense in preparing for our wedding, and—well, the truth is, I want to lend you some money."

She saw him draw himself up and thrust his hand into the pocket of his coat. He drew out an envelope upon which he had written her name.

"You're very kind," he said; "but I could never think of taking another cent from you. The truth is, I have here a small payment to make on that other loan. It is not much, but I'm glad to be able to pay that."

"Don't be ridiculous!" cried Mrs. Sennett, impatiently throwing the envelope into his lap. "You must be sensible! I—I really don't know what to do with you; we simply can't go on like this. With all my money, it would be foolish for me to continue giving it right and left, as I often do, to strangers in whom I have no interest, when the man who is to marry me needs the actual comforts of life. You see how absurd it really is."

"Then we must part," said Wilmot firmly.

"You mean to break the engagement?"

"It seems that you are about to do it."

"I meant nothing of the kind," said Mrs. Sennett, catching a deep breath. "I could never give you up now. I have come to look upon you as my future husband. Besides, I could never face the ridicule of the public. They would be sure to say that the notices in the papers had turned you against me."

"We'll say nothing more about it, then," Wilmot remarked wearily. He laid the envelope on the table as he concluded. "But you must not refuse this. If you do, we shall quarrel."

"Have your own way, then," she laughed. "After all, you are paying me a high compliment. If the public only understood you, they'd never believe you were marrying for money."

With the mumbled excuse of having a manuscript to finish, Wilmot withdrew after a few moments' talk on general topics. If a half-hour in her society had become an almost unendurable torture to him, what would a life-time of it be? Then he thought of Muriel, and he rushed recklessly through the street with his head bowed as that of one walking against a strong heavy wind.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

AS SHE went across the uncarpeted floor the woman's step was so light that it could not have been the sound of it that aroused the man dozing in the arm-chair by the window. The curtain was raised to its utmost, and the sun covered the figure as it lay sunken in the calico cushions. It moved, and the fallen head was raised.

"That you, Lyddy?"

"Yes, father."

Lyddy paused in front of the fireplace, where maple logs were burning.

The man pulled himself up higher in the chair. His eyes were hazy.

"You sure it's you, Lyddy?" with anxious insistence.

"Why, father, who should it be, I sh'd like to know, if 'tain't me?"

"I guess I must have be'n dreamin', then; but I thought Ben was settin' 'tother side the fire, 'n' he got up to help me walk out; 'n' 'twas jest as real. Then I opened my eyes 'n' you was there instid of Ben. It's queer how real things do seem sence I have to set round all day—things that ain't so at all. I always did think of Ben a lot every sappin' time sence he run away."

Lyddy did not reply. She stood quiet, her eyes lowered, her strong-featured, gaunt face suddenly colorless.

"What you goin' to do with that tin pail?" her father asked abruptly.

"I was goin' up to Mr. George's to see if I couldn't get a little drain sugar. I want some for that Indian pudding, and ours has run out. I thought 'twould last till we made again, but it didn't."

She spoke with a sort of "cut and dried" cheerfulness that was habitual with her, and that, perhaps, deceived people.

"I hope you'll get some; I wouldn't give a snap for Indian puddin' 'thout I had it 's I wanted it. But Jim George's sugar ain't a primin' to ours. Just reach me my pipe 'n' a match 'fore you go; 'n' don't stay."

•

Lyddy went to the mantelshelf and took from it the articles her father had mentioned. Having placed them on the table near him, she was turning away, when he caught hold of her skirt. She stood still while he stared up in her face.

"I never see nothin' beat it," he exclaimed at last; "how you do grow to look like Ben!"

"You don't know how Ben looks now."

"That's a fact; how long is it?"

"Fifteen years ago next Tuesday. 'Twas the twenty-eighth of March, 'n' a very mild time. The sap got to runnin' early and good. We made a splendid lot of sugar that year. I guess I better be goin' up to Mr. George's, or it'll be dinner time 'fore I c'n git back."

The speaker made a slight movement as if to walk toward the door, but the grasp on her gown did not relax.

"How old be you now, Lyddy?"

"Thirty-five."

"It don't seem possible! Then Ben is thirty-five, too! He seems like a boy to me. I s'pose children always seem young to their parents; you 'n' he are twins, ain't you?"

"Yes." Lyddy's voice was hardly above a whisper.

"I know," said her father; "I don't really forgit, though things seem so strange to me; I set here so much. Ben was awful full of fun; 'n' you 'n' he wa'n't never separated, was you? 'Twas 'bout's if you was tied together. I never did see folks set so much by each other; 'n' now——"

"Don't, father!"

"Oh, well, I won't. You don't never say nothin' 'bout Ben, 'n' I s'pose you've almost forgotten him. That's natural; you see, you ain't his father; I be. Though you are his twin, 'tain't like bein' his father. Run along now, 'n' git your sugar. If you don't stay too long I sha'n't need nothin'. I wish you'd horry their paper. I ain't had it this week."

"Yes; I will."

The woman had opened the outer door when she was called back. She retraced her steps slowly. Her father was looking intently before him, his usually relaxed face for the moment had grown tense and stern.

•

"I wanted to say," he began, his voice steady and deep, "that I shouldn't have Ben come home if I could have him by jest turnin' my hand over, if he couldn't prove he never touched that money. Do you hear?"

"I hear, father."

"You needn't wait, then," in the unsteady voice of an old man again. "Tell Jim I want his paper."

Mr. Somers sank back in the chair and half closed his eyes. This time Lyddy passed out into the yard and walked slowly through the slush, not trying to pick her way, but putting her feet down recklessly, with the yellow collie at her heels. The air was mild, and was filled with the sound of the rushing of water, in every direction, it seemed.

When she had waded across the planks that bridged the brook which was now a foaming stream, Lyddy paused and looked back at the little house with its line of sheds attached, and the high hills behind it, and, twenty miles behind, the blue Franconia Mountains.

It was nearly a mile to the highway, and almost all up hill. At the end of the lane a clumsy gate shut the way from the "great road." On this gate a man was leaning; his face was toward the woman as she came in sight. She tried to rouse herself as she saw him, for Mr. George's house was at the corner; and this, of course, was "Young Jim."

As she came forward, the man slowly lifted himself from his support and walked down the road. He had not, apparently, seen Lyddy, who said to herself:

"Why, 'tain't Jim, is it?"

Jack, the collie, dashed forward with a sharp, challenging bark. He ran a short distance after the stranger, who at first did not appear to notice, but in a moment he turned and flung his hand out at him. Jack curled back and stood growling, but soon returned to Lyddy, who had entered the shed that led to the George kitchen.

Mrs. George hastened forward with a half-knit mitten in her hands.

"Oh," she said, in a relieved tone, "it's you, is it, Lyddy? I didn't know but 'twas that tramp. Set right down. Rover, you stop your growlin'. I s'pose it'll take Rover a

---

EDITOR'S NOTE—This story is taken from The Outlook, and is specially important as being the last story of Miss Pool's that appeared during her lifetime.

day or two to git over seein' him. 'Tain't often he does see one. D' you come after salt risin's? I see you've got a pail."

The two dogs sat down on their haunches close by the hot cooking-stove, but their ears remained at the full cock as they glanced alertly about; they were still sniffing.

"No," said Lyddy, "I didn't come for risin's."

She paused; she was wondering why she felt such an excitement; but then, she was aware that it always excited her to hear anyone speak of Ben. And how stern her father looked! But she never knew for certain that Ben had not taken that money from the store at the Corners; he had been seen there that evening; it was missing the next morning; so was he, and he had never been seen in the neighborhood since. But such things happened sometimes, and the innocent suffered. Lyddy wished that he had written to her, that he had trusted her. Surely he might have trusted her. But he had never sent a word. She wouldn't have done so, but she supposed that men were different. She couldn't have let Ben worry so about her.

"I NEVER SEE NOTHIN' TO BEAT IT, HOW YOU DO GROW LIKE BEN!"

"Seems to me you ain't lookin' s' well's common this mornin', Lyddy. Has your father been more wearin' than usual?"

"I'm very well—I'm always well; 'n' father's doin' first rate," rousing herself resolutely. "I come up to get a little drain sugar—we've used ours all up. When we sugar-off we'll pay you."

She extended her pail, which Mrs. George took, saying:

"Land!—you needn't trouble to pay it. I guess we c'n let a neighbor have a cup of drain sugar 'n' not break us. But ain't it funny? You ain't the first one that's been here for the same thing to-day. I call it odd."

Mrs. George went into the pantry; she almost immediately emerged with a three-quart pail; she began with a table-knife to slice off its contents and transfer them to her companion's receptacle.

"Yes," she repeated, "I call it kind of odd."

Lyddy was not listening. She was thinking of how her father had looked and spoken. She wished that he had been a little milder in his treatment of his children; not that she cared particularly for her own sake, but Ben—she drew a long breath and began to listen to what Mrs. George was saying. She had lost a few words, but she now heard:

*

"'N' of course I thought he wanted some bread, or doughnuts, or something, 'n' I'd gone into the pantry when he said, 'If you've got a bit of drain sugar, I'd ruther have that than anything in the world;' and his voice sounded so queer; I d' know why, but it made the cold shivers run over me. I brought him out a plate of sugar; he began to eat as if he'd eat the whole of it; then, all to once, he stopped, 's if he was choked, 'n' he walked out 'thout thankin' me. I seen him leanin' on the gate; was he there when you come along?"

Lyddy rose quickly from the chair in which she had seated herself. She was suddenly pale. She went to the door.

"You ain't goin', be you, Lyddy? What's your pucker?" said Mrs. George sharply; and then yet more sharply, "Why, you're forgittin' your sugar!"

But Lyddy did not seem to hear. She left the outer door unlatched and went splashing out to the main road, making no attempt to hold up her skirts as she walked.

The descent of a long hill lay on one side of her; on the other, toward Ellsworth, the hill still climbed upward, and lay fully revealed in the dull light of the mild, cloudy day. Almost at the top a man was moving slowly, with his hands in his pockets; as he walked he was gazing about him.

Lyddy started to hurry up the hill, going in the narrow, watery track made by the passing of the few teams. Her eyes were fixed on that figure far ahead; all at once the figure dipped, and then was out of sight below the brow of the hill. Then the woman realized that she could not hope to gain upon the stranger; of what had she been thinking?

She stood still, hearing the water running down on both sides, and the clash of the coming bells. But she was not thinking of them.

*

"How foolish I am!" she cried aloud. She had an impulse to wring her hands, but she restrained the impulse; people hereabouts were not given to wringing their hands. A voice from behind her called out cheerily:

"Hullo! That you, Lyddy Somers? Want a lift up the road?"

She hesitated an instant, then she yielded to the desire in her heart. If she rode to the top of the hill, she would be able to see down the long stretch; and she could overtake that man and have a look at him.

"Much obliged, Mr. Lane," she responded.

She took her seat under the thick blankets; Jack sprang in and gravely squatted in front.

Mr. Lane talked continually, but Lyddy heard nothing save this remark:

"They say there was a tramp went through the Corners this mornin'. There's one thing about it, we ain't much troubled with tramps in these parts. Time to begin sappin', ain't it? We're goin' to strike to-morrow if this mild weather holds, 'n' I guess 'twill."

Lyddy didn't know what reply she made. They had reached the top of the hill. She was gazing along the straight road; there was no human being in sight.

"I'll get out here, Mr. Lane," she said abruptly. She threw back the blankets and stepped down into the soft snow, followed by the dog. Mr. Lane gazed blankly at her. He thought it a curious thing that Lyddy Somers should have gone up that hill merely for the sake of going down again through that sposh. He looked after her for a moment before he started up his horse. He shook his head ponderously a few times as he twisted the reins about his hands and lifted them preparatory to driving down.

*

As for Lyddy, she hurried home, thinking all the time that she mustn't allow herself to have "notions." She wondered what people did when they had notions. Perhaps they talked things over with their friends; but she had no one with whom she could talk. Her father had lost his mental grip, and even if he had not—well, she supposed that she could bear whatever happened. She wished she could remember her mother; but a dim, childish vision was all that remained to her of the woman who had died thirty years before.

Lyddy roused herself. The next day she must begin "sappin"; she was thankful for that, for then she would be almost too busy to think.

All night she heard the drip and running of water. The spring thaw had begun.

In the morning the two men who helped her every year came over from Ellsworth in their ox-sled, creaking and sliding into the yard. She and Jack mounted the sled and rode up the hill to the sap-house. A few flakes of damp snow were falling, but they knew the snow would turn to rain, if it did not clear.

Lyddy waded about with the men, selecting the trees, and watching them as they bored. She herself drove in the spiles from a basket she carried on her arm. And all the time she was conscious of a curious undercurrent of excitement.

The sap-house was never locked, and she had hastened to be the first to enter it, her heart beating heavily as she flung open the door. Jack sprang in and began to sniff eagerly about; he nosed over the old comforters which had been brought up from the house for him to lie on; he growled as he did so. They had been moved from their place in the corner; apparently some one had been lying on them in front of one of the long brick, box-like structures over which the iron pans were set. And there had been a fire there—more, there were live coals under the ashes now.

But Lyddy had said nothing. She had flung her mittens aside and hurriedly brought kindlings from the place where she had put them the spring before. The men shouldn't know that any one had been there; they would talk and wonder.

As the days passed on, Lyddy spent nearly all her time at the sap-house; she couldn't bear to leave it; she would have said that she felt bound to it by cords. She made the men go down to the house and cook and eat and attend to her father; she and the collie stayed up among those big trees and watched the nights and the mornings come. She worked like a man, lifting buckets of sap, pouring them into the pans, feeding the fires, keeping an eye on everything, and to herself she seemed to be working in a dream.

She was constantly going to the door and looking off among the trees. She grew to have a habit of pressing her hand to her heart as she looked. One day she said aloud:

"I think it must be that twins feel nearer to each other than just common brother and sister. Why, it's just as if I was thinkin' of myself, somehow. I don't see how I've borne it—no, I don't see how I've borne it."

Having spoken thus, she closed her lips tightly as if to prevent them from opening again.

Jack went with her from tree to tree, but she didn't "gether up"; she let the men do that. She did not remit any duty; she watched the sap "syrup down" with greater care than ever before; she was more eager than ever to fill her down-country orders; but there was something strange on her face, a new expression of strenuous intentness that the men at last noticed.

*

"Lyddy's doin' too much," they said to each other; or, "It's tellin' on Lyddy to run the farm as she's done since the old man give out."

They tried to help her still more; they offered to stay all night those few nights when the sap was running so freely. She did not seem to hear them; but still she replied.

"I'd rather stay," she said. "If you'll see to father, that's enough."

She had a folding cot bed, and she used to wrap herself in comforters and lie on that, hearing the crackle of the fire under the heaters, and the constant trickle of the melting snow all about her. Jack stretched himself across the doorway and snored, or started up and growled protectively.

"I ain't mistaken," said Lyddy. "I shouldn't feel like this if I was mistaken. And he always did love drain sugar so! How he used to eat it! And how we used to pour the syrup on the snow, and then when it cooled take up a great flapjack of it and stick our teeth together with it!"

Standing alone in the little dark hut, Lyddy laughed and then sobbed softly.

"I d' know what will become of me if I go on like this."

There was a step outside; a man appeared in the doorway; he had a bucket full of sap in each hand. He advanced and poured the liquid into the nearest pan. Jack was sniffing anxiously at his feet and the sopping legs of his trousers.

*

"These had been overlooked," he said; "they were running over on to the ground."

He set down the empty pails and leaned against the wall, his eyes drooping, his bearded face pallid and

"SHE PUT HER ARMS ABOUT THE MAN'S NECK AND DREW HIM CLOSE TO HER"

Lyddy stood erect; she seemed to need no support; her wide eyes were radiant. Suddenly she looked young.

She took a step forward and put her arms about the man's neck. She drew his head close to her; she patted his face, she smoothed away his rough hair, she kissed his forehead again and again. He began to cry; he cried fiercely, as men cry, without tears, clinging to her, the two shaking with his sobs.

"Oh," he said at last, "I've wanted to see you so, Lyddy!"

"Yes—yes! there—there!" murmuring to him as if he were a child.

"There ain't anybody in the world to me what you are, Lyddy."

"Yes—yes! You know we are twins—twins are nearer to each other, Ben."

A silence, during which the dog whined in wonder and sympathy, and beat the ground with his tail.

"Lyddy," whispered the man, "I did take that money."

"I was afraid you did," in a still lower whisper, and holding him closer yet.

"I was in debt to a man in Plymouth—I'd gambled with him—Tim Dunn, you know; he threatened to tell father if I didn't pay him; father was hard, you see. I was 'most crazy. I thought I'd run away, 'n' not come back till I got rich, 'n' I'd pay that storekeeper ten times over—in secret, you know. I ain't got rich. But I ain't never gambled since—I've worked hard, but things didn't go right. Finally it came over me that I'd got to see you—I'd jest got to see you, Lyddy. I've be'n hangin' round, tryin' to get my courage up."

Ben had stopped shielding tears. He spoke mournfully.

Lyddy, however, spoke cheerfully; there was a new color on her cheeks.

*

"I wish I could have paid the storekeeper," he said.

"You needn't worry 'bout that," was the response, in such a tone that Ben made a quick movement as he cried:

"Oh, Lyddy!"

"Yes," she answered, flushing, as if she were confessing to a fault; "I saved up the wool money, 'n' paid him the second year after you went away. I told him you never took it, but it suited me to make it up to him. That was the end of that. You needn't think another thing about it. And now you'll stay 'n' help me run the farm. Here come the men. This is my brother," with a touching pride, and holding his hand close. "He knows all about sappin'; he'll tend to things up here now, 'n' I guess I'll go home and see to father. I'll have the best kind of a supper for you all."

She walked out of the hut. She turned to look back. "There's some luncheon in the woodhouse there, Ben. Don't you forget 'n' syrup down too much."

"I snum," said one of the men, staring helplessly, "she don't look more 'n twenty! So you're Ben Somers. You'll find your father a good deal changed; but the farm's be'n in good hands, I tell ye."

The three men shook hands, and then Ben fell to stirring the steaming sap. He was sure that Lyddy would fix it up somehow with his father. He stood at the door and looked at the soft gloom that the trees made standing between him and the sky.

"I don't see how I ever stayed away so," he was thinking; and "there's no one in all this world like Lyddy."

* * *

Maria Louise Pool, the New England novelist who died recently, began her literary career by contributing to the old Galaxy. Later the New York Post and Tribune began to welcome her papers. Her first book, A Vacation in a Buggy, is a collection of papers contributed to the first of these journals. Following this in rapid succession came Dally, Roweny in Boston, Mrs. Keats Bradford, The Two Salvinis, Katherine North, and Out of Step. Miss Pool's best work was done with the New England type. She was wholly devoted to her work.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
FOUNDED A.D. 1728

Philadelphia, August 13, 1898

• • •

The Way of the Reformer

THE way of the reformer is hard—very hard. The world knows little about it, for it is rarely that a reformer shows the scars of conflict, the pain of hope deferred, the mighty waves of despair that wash over a great purpose. There have been two or three recent instances where men of sincere aim and high ambition have permitted the world to hear an uncontrolled sob of hopelessness, or a word of bitterness at the seeming emptiness of all struggles. But men of great purpose and high ideals should know that the path of the reformer is—loneliness. They must live from within; their aims must be their source of strength. They must not expect the tortoise to sympathize with the flight of the eagle. A great purpose is an isolation. The world cares little for your struggles; it cares only to joy in your final triumph. Christ—alone in Gethsemane; but at the Sermon on the Mount, where food was provided, the attendance was four thousand.

•

The world is honest enough in its purpose. It says practically, if you would lead us to higher realms of thought, to purer ideals of life, and flash before us like the handwriting on the wall all the possible glories of development, you must pay the price for it, not we. The world has a law as clearly defined as the laws of Kepler: "Credit for reform works in any line will be in inverse proportion to the square-roots of their importance." Give us a new fad and we will prostrate ourselves in the dust; give us a new philosophy, a marvelous revelation, a higher conception of life and morality, and we may pass you by, but posterity will pay for it. Send your messages C. O. D. and posterity will settle for them. You ask for bread; posterity will give you a stone—called a monument. There is nothing in this to discourage the highest efforts of genius. Genius is great because it is decades in advance of its generation.

To appreciate genius requires comprehension and the same characteristics. The public can fully appreciate only what is a few steps in advance: it must grow to the appreciation of great thought. The genius or the reformer should accept this as a necessary condition. It is the price he must pay for being in advance of his generation, just as front seats in the orchestra cost more than those in the back row of the third gallery.

•

The world is impartial in its methods. It says ever, "We will give you posthumous fame." Posthumous fame means that the individual may shiver with cold, but his grandchildren will get fur-lined ulsters; the individual plants acorns, his posterity sell the oaks. Posthumous fame or recognition is a check made out to the individual, but payable only to his heirs. Columbus spent his best years in discovering continents for Spain at six dollars a week and his board and washing. He went back to Spain with his menagerie of samples—his living proofs. Europe was rather short on gratitude at that time, so they named the new world America, after Columbus' understudy. Columbus died in chains. But four centuries afterward the United States held a World's Fair to honor Columbus—and to help our export trade, and to boom Chicago. The only thing that Columbus had left was a descendant about twelve generations after Christopher, and this descendant was a noble, and the people made him their guest, and though they put his picture in the papers, they otherwise treated him royally, for he had done nothing. But Columbus died in chains.

Then there was Shakespeare, whose marvelous thought, though slightly blurred by myriad commentators, still persists. To-day we don't even know how to spell his name. There have been collected twenty-four different spellings of his name, not counting B-a-c-o-n. There is even dispute as to whether he was an individual, or a syndicate writing under a *nom de plume*. And to-day thousands visit his home as pilgrims go to shrines, and his plays are elaborately staged, and presented to small audiences in one-night stands, or to well-papered houses to get good city notices to use on the road. The examples might be infinitely extended to show that the genius and the reformer must pay the price for advancing the world. The tragedy on Calvary is the type of what greatness must heroically accept for saving the world. And Christ labored thirty years and had twelve disciples; one denied him; one betrayed him; one doubted him, and the other nine were shaky. But to-day Christianity has its hundreds of millions of believers—in spite of all the commentators.

• • •

The Limit of Our National Greatness

IT IS true of nations as of individuals that pride usually precedes a fall. Just at present the American nation feels quite satisfied with itself. For some time we have been known as a "nation of big things." Everything we have done has been done on a big scale. We have the greatest length of railways, the biggest falls, the hugest trees, the most extensive wheat fields, the greatest fortunes and the greatest failures. We are great in every direction, in every line of activity, and all our greatness is due, primarily, to ourselves. Yankee shrewdness has made us look first of all at the practical side of life; no new undertaking is launched unless we are sure "it will pay."

This tendency on our part, this struggle for the almighty dollar, this careful counting of the cost has brought down on us the bitter criticism, the pointed slur, the jealous sneer of the world. We have been charged with making money king, with seeking only financial gain at the expense of self-respect, of humanity, of patriotism. Our business methods have been assailed from all sides; but it seems that one of these stones has rebounded. England, the very country which of late has expressed such unselfish sentiments of friendship, has snatched from us one palm. We can no longer claim to be the nation of greatest financial disasters. We cannot afford to pay $250,000 to one man for the fraudulent use of his name in floating an inflated company; we cannot afford to purchase the friendship of the press at $315,000. Alas, we have no Hooley!

The recent failure of the daring English promoter has taught the world at least one lesson: that America is not the land of the biggest frauds. Inflated companies have been launched here, but they were modest little craft in comparison with the Hooley leviathan. Indeed, there are in America some easy-going men who are willing to earn a snug little sum on the strength of their good reputations; who are willing to be used as decoy ducks—for a sufficient consideration, cash down. But the recent failure of Hooley should call this class of business enterprise to a halt. The persons who allow their names to be fraudulently used as indorsing a dishonest scheme are more blameworthy than the promoter; they are the chief offender, and they irreparably demoralize honest business methods.

• • •

A Spectacular Close of the War

THE settlement of the war without a hostile demonstration against Havana would be a keen disappointment to many of our military and naval officers, and to a large number of profound gentlemen who like to study the problems of modern warfare without being subject to its cost or its miseries. It cannot too clearly be kept in view that this war is not a struggle for revenge, not a war of conquest. Our ultimatum was that Spain should withdraw her forces from Cuba and its waters "in the name of humanity, in the name of civilization, in behalf of endangered American interests."

The world knows our position. We cannot recede from it. The prowess of our Army and Navy has convinced the world, and Spain last of all, of the utter hopelessness of her struggle. To continue destructive operations after Spain sues for peace would be infamous. If our ultimatum is agreed to, the purpose of our warfare is accomplished, without wanton or unnecessary destruction of life and property. The subjecting of a great and beautiful city like Havana to the possibilities of destruction or irreparable damage, simply to test military theories, would be an atrocious proceeding.

• • •

The American Invasion of England

IT WAS only a few years ago that the American affected a profound contempt and dislike for things British, and the Englishman ignored the existence of a civilized State on this side of the Atlantic, or, at most, recognized it by an occasional condescending pat such as one gives a child that has been showing off. There was a third estate, it is true, made up of sappy youths and insipid men who talked what they fondly believed was the Queen's English, and were silly and snobbish in turn; but it did not count one way or the other.

At first glance, then, the sudden change from indifference to almost maudlin friendship between the two nations seems inexplicable. But the explanation is very simple. We have been Americanizing Great Britain. Quietly, almost imperceptibly, our missionary work has been going on, and now we are beginning to see some of its fruits.

Our invasion began along commercial lines. For years the South had sent its cotton, and the Northwest its wheat, across the water. Then the West began to furnish the roast beef for Old England, and now a dozen Chicago packers are turning out Yorkshire hams and Cumberland sides. Nor have our manufacturers been idle. Englishmen are traveling in American palace cars, rocking in American rockers, and scorching on American bicycles. American patent medicines have followed, until from half the historic castles in England one can look across the pleasant prospect to a familiar sign. American newspaper methods have entered more slowly, but the wedge has been driven. Within a few years we can expect to find live reporters waiting to interview us, if we are of sufficient importance, when the steamer docks at Liverpool. Again, London has been stormed socially until Americans are as plenty in its drawing-rooms as in those of New York. Four American plays are now being presented to London audiences by American companies; and a dozen American clergymen are preaching for the summer in London pulpits. Two of the most widely discussed books of the season are by American writers. One can brush against as many impecunious American artists and authors in a half-hour's walk in the Strand as in Broadway. Add to this the dollar-spending, sight-seeing American tourist, and the woman who has married an Englishman, and one can see how it has all happened.

•

Over here we can assimilate an Englishman, an Irishman, or a Scotchman, even, in a few years and make him a good American. But the Yankee does not assimilate; for he has known better things. Wherever he goes the eagle screams, not always as gently as a sucking dove, and advertising is done. Though we have disliked and distrusted the mother country for her sneering and caviling ways, deep down we have always had a sneaking fondness for her; for we are of her blood. Now we have injected enough of Americanism into her veins to awaken her to a pride in her kindred.

• • •

Confidence in One's Own Powers

SELF-CONFIDENCE is a vital element in the development of the individual. It is the faith of the individual in himself, in his powers and possibilities. It is this that gives unity, strength and aim to his life.

It is not that arrogant self-conceit that looks down patronizingly and complacently on its superiors, that feels that it can accomplish all things, that it is dependent on no man. Self-conceit magnifies all its powers, minifies all its weakness, cheats itself and thinks it cheats the world. Self-conceit makes a man eclipse himself with himself. But true self-confidence, through individual honesty, sees all its weakness, all the thin places in its armor for fighting the world, but it does not accept them as final. It realizes that success means only the crowning of a struggle, the glorious ending of years of labor; it means payment of price, and the true individual is ready and willing to pay.

Many of the failures in life are not due to lack of ability or power; it is only from lack of self-confidence to make that ability felt and recognized by others. We must first believe in ourself, and have confidence to stand by what seems best, despite all opposition. When Captain James B. Eads built the great bridge that crosses the Mississippi at St. Louis, all the best engineers were eloquent in their scorn at the folly of attempting to build it according to his plans.

•

But Eads had confidence in himself, for he knew his subject with the thoroughness that characterized all he attempted. He proposed a jetty system to increase the depth at the outlets of the Mississippi below New Orleans. The wise engineers and navigators again opposed him, but Eads said in his emphatic way: "I know the Mississippi, its tributaries and its currents, and I know what the jetty system will do. Give me a contract for the work, and if I do not, within a certain length of time, float the largest ship to New Orleans, do not pay me a dollar."

The work involved great outlays of moneys and long years of labor, but Eads was equal to his possibilities, and his success justified his confidence. Every great leader, every reformer, every inventor, every man who leads the world to higher life and progress, believed in himself before he made the world believe in him. This confidence becomes contagious, and the world absorbs the enthusiasm of the individual if he makes it real and living action. The world knows what is in us by what we do; we only know what is in us by what we attempt, by what we use. Man becomes a continuous revelation to himself of new powers as he realizes that much within him is latent, and it is only pressure and need that brings it forth. Man should see himself, in all his relations in life, great and glorious, not as a finality, but great for his progressive possibilities that day by day will be more fully revealed to him. This is but growth, for man is great—never for what he is, but for what he may become.

TOLD OF OUR STATESMEN

How Lodge Lost an Admirer

THEY tell this story of Senator Henry Cabot Lodge when he first entered the House of Representatives: A dear, motherly old woman from Massachusetts wandered into the visitors' gallery one day and asked a well-dressed young man to point out the Bay State's "favorite son." Lodge was sitting in his seat near the center of the floor, his hands in his pockets, and watching the speaker the while. Lovingly the old woman gazed for a time, but later the hero-worshipful expression on her face changed.

"Perhaps I'm wrong, my young friend," she ventured at last, "but are you sure that's Mr. Lodge?" "Yes, madam." "But it can't be true. That man has a cigar in his mouth." "Yes, madam." "And right on the floor of the House?" "Yes, madam; he always has a cigar in his mouth." "Well, I never! I don't like it a bit! I shall never allow James to vote for him again. Not if I can help it, and I think I can." Then she went out of the gallery with the air of one whose confidence in humanity had been overthrown, whose choicest idol had been shattered.

• • •

If Grosvenor Should Turn Reformer

IN THE recent session of Congress, E. W. Carmack, the Memphis editor, in the course of a speech directed against Grosvenor, said:

"I feel about him a good deal like an old colored preacher, down in Tipton County, in my district, felt about a certain convert. This preacher had just concluded a powerful exhortation, and the voices of the congregation were quivering on the second line of that good old hymn, 'While the lamp holds out to burn, the vilest sinner may return.' At this juncture a particularly tough old reprobate, with chicken feathers all over his head, got up in the back part of the audience and started toward the altar. The preacher for one moment stood speechless, and aghast with horror; then, throwing up his hands, he exclaimed at the top of his voice, 'Deacon Simmons, fo' de Lawd's sake blow out de lamp.' If the honorable gentleman from Ohio should ever show a disposition to reform and come in our direction, I want to blow out the lamp before he gets there."

It was a ten-strike. Everybody in the House burst into a roar, and nobody laughed more heartily than Grosvenor himself.

• • •

A Parent's Quick Change of Heart

IN ONE of the debates in the late session of Congress, John Allen arraigned the Republican party for taking sides in the matter. "We feel," said he, "about this matter of your trying to pick a regular nominee for us, like the old man felt who had two daughters—one long, lean, lank and ugly, and the other plump, sweet, young and pretty. Betsy was the older and uglier girl. Sally was the prettier and younger one. A fellow had been knocking around the house for some time. The old man had seen him with both Betsy and Sally. One day the young man called the old gentleman aside and said: 'I love your daughter. She loves me. I want to marry her. We have been talking about this matter. We think we can be happy together, and I have come to ask your consent and your blessing.'

"The old man replied: 'God bless you, Jim; I have watched you from your boyhood; I always liked you, and I have said there was the making of a man in you. I cheerfully give you my daughter Betsy, and my blessing. I hope you will make her happy.'

"At this Jim shouted: 'Oh, but it is not Betsy that I want; it is Sally!' The old man indignantly replied: 'You want Sally, you knock-kneed, bow-legged, slab-sided, good for nothing scoundrel; you come here picking and choosing among my gals!"

• • •

Senator Elkins' Honored Son

A FEW days ago the wife of Senator Elkins and her son, Stephen B. Elkins, Jr., made a call at the White House. During a conversation, President McKinley said to the young man: "Stephen, what are you going to do in this war?" Young Elkins quickly replied: "I have already enlisted as private, and am the only son of a United States Senator who has that honor." The President remarked: "Well, young man, I will take good care of you."

HOW A POP-GUN BECAME A GREAT CANNON

The Story of Powerful Modern Torpedo Throwers

By RENÉ BACHE

LESS than a dozen years ago the Spanish Admiral—then Captain—Camara, who now commands the so-called Cadiz fleet, was in this country. At that time he was on terms of intimacy with Lieutenant Zalinski, U. S. A., who invited him to witness a particularly interesting experiment made with Zalinski's newly invented pneumatic gun. The Coast Survey had given for the purpose a worn out vessel called the Silliman, and an attempt was to be made to blow up the craft with projectiles containing fifty-six pounds of dynamite. The first one fell short, but the second hit the ship squarely, and completely demolished it.

The first experiment was made at Fort Hamilton, and several ladies were present—Captain Camara's sister among them. One of the ladies said to Captain Camara:

"Just suppose, Captain, that Spain and the United States should ever fall out and go to war. This very gun might be used against your ships, and you see what it can do."

"Thank God! such a thing is impossible," replied Captain Camara earnestly.

•

Nevertheless, the unexpected has come to pass, and guns of this pattern, improved and of greater calibre, are now mounted on ship and ashore for use against Spanish vessels. The biggest of them, such as are carried by the Vesuvius and have wrought such destruction at Santiago, are over fifty feet long, have a calibre of fifteen inches, and throw five hundred pounds of guncotton a mile and a half with accuracy.

Before giving an extended description of the great guns it may be worth while to tell something of the way in which this type of weapon was evolved. It has a most interesting history, which goes back to prehistoric times and the infancy of the human race. The air-gun, of which the pneumatic dynamite thrower is simply the latest development, is found in one shape or another among savage peoples all over the world, and every civilized child is acquainted with it. In truth, the weapons of the adult savage are the toys of the small boy of civilization—as witness the bow and arrow, for example.

POP-GUN

The American small boy has inherited his pop-gun from a remote and savage ancestry. It has come down to him through ten thousand generations. In its most primitive form it consisted of a tube made from the stem of a plant with the pith driven out, a plunger, and a stopper of some kind. Precisely answering to this description is the familiar pop-gun made from a piece of elder, which the schoolboy uses for projecting wads of chewed paper and not less deadly beans.

How many grown people there are to-day who will heave a reminiscent sigh when they think of the fun they used to have with these little instruments of mischief when they were young! The elder is the plant from whose berries the "elderberry wine" of our grandmothers was manufactured. Science knows it as *Sambucus canadensis*, and fishing is said to be best at the season when it blooms. Its branches, cut into convenient lengths and deprived of all their pith, afford admirable material for pop-guns.

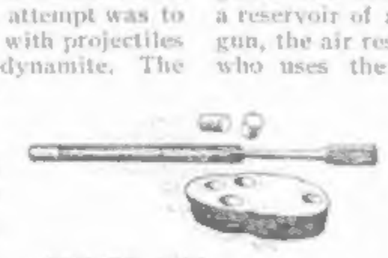
•

Every boy of to-day knows the putty-blower. This simple form of pneumatic gun was patented in 1873 by Nathan Joseph, of San Francisco, who described it in his claim as a small cylinder of tin through which pellets of putty might be projected. However, though the patent was granted to Joseph, he certainly did not invent the instrument, which had long been known to the enterprising youth of that period. Few playthings have obtained more general favor among youngsters.

REED GUN

Toy blow-guns of various patterns were familiar to the boyhood of the oldest generation now surviving. Some of these were tubes, usually of household manufacture, which shot pieces of potato; sometimes they were made out of penholders. More elaborate instruments had the shape of miniature rifles, through which darts were propelled by the breath. Pop-guns of another pattern made a loud noise by rupturing paper, a scrap of which was clamped across the bore.

Now, it does not appear that the primitive pop-gun was ever useful as a weapon. Certain savage peoples, however, have been ingenious enough to devise tubes from which projectiles could be expelled by the breath to considerable distances. There is no telling how ancient such contrivances are, but they are employed to-day in Asia and in America. These instruments are worked on practically the same principle as the modern pneumatic gun. The latter depends for its power upon a reservoir of air; in the case of the blow-gun, the air reservoir is the lungs of the man who uses the instrument. Upon his air-supply, by exertion of the intercostal and other muscles, he is able to exert a force of five hundred pounds with a single exhalation.



POTATO GUN

Thus it is easily understood how an Indian of the tropical region of South America is able to discharge, through a tube of reed, a dart to a distance of eighty yards, with accuracy and with sufficient force to transfix a bird that far away. The projectiles employed for such blow-guns are so small and light as to be not very efficient unless poisoned. Accordingly, wherever in the world they are utilized they are customarily tipped with some mixture of snake venom or other stuff destructive to animal life. In South America the deadly "woorari" is utilized for this purpose—a compound the make-up of which has long been a mystery.

•

This substance is known only north of the Amazon, and is specially familiar to the natives of the Valley of the Orinoco. It is understood that two kinds of serpents furnish ingredients, to these being added the juice of a vine allied to the plant from which the strychnine of the pharmacopœia is obtained. Finally, in the manufacture of the stuff, a lot of ants are put into the kettle—big red ants, that have a particularly poisonous bite.

The blow-pipe used by the aboriginal tribes of the upper Amazon is nine or ten feet long and made of two separate lengths of wood, each scooped out so as to form one-half of the tube. To do this scooping with accuracy requires an enormous amount of patient labor, the tools employed being simply the incisor teeth of certain small mammals. The two half-tubes, when finished, are bound together with a tight, spirally wound wrapping of the wood of the climbing palm, and

BLOW-GUN

the whole is smeared with black wax from the combs of a species of wild bee. The pipe tapers toward the muzzle, and a cup-shaped mouthpiece made of wood is fitted in the broad end. The arrows are made of the hard wood of the leaf-stalks of certain palms, thin strips being cut and rendered as sharp as needles by scraping the ends. They are wound with a little oval mass of silk-cotton, which fits to a nicety the bore of the blow-gun. The savage who uses this kind of weapon against his enemies carries a quiver full of darts of the kind described.

The most beautiful and perfect of blow-guns, however, are used by the Malays. They are, in fact, among the finest and most exquisite specimens of savage, or semi-savage, handicraft. The Malay blow-gun is made from the stem of a young palm, bored with extreme accuracy. The projectile is a slender needle of wood, much smaller than a pencil, and wrapped at the base with some cottony vegetable substance; at the point it is tipped with poison, if obtainable. This sort of gun is as carefully made, and as much prized by its owner, as the most costly modern rifle or shot-gun by its appreciative proprietor.

Most people probably will be surprised to learn that there are native tribes in North America which use blow-guns. The comparatively civilized Cherokees of North Carolina employ such weapons, made from the common fishpole canes of the canebrakes, the septums being punched out. Commonly such blow-pipes are eighteen feet in length, and the splinters of cane utilized as darts are wrapped with cotton or thistle-down. The Chetimacha Indians of Louisiana have magazine blow-guns which are wholly unique, each weapon being composed of eight or ten tubes of equal length bound together. Thus, if the first two or three barrels miss, the marksman has several others to fall back upon, applying his lips to each in turn.

The blow-gun is distinctively a device of warm countries. It is found in practical use only in regions where bamboos and canes grow. It is said that some of the Indians of South America put a cane tube inside of a palm-tube case, to give rigidity. This would seem to afford a suggestion of the modern scheme of making cannon with an inner and an outer tube.

The blow-gun, be it observed, was the first smokeless gun. It is not only smokeless, but noiseless. Thus, if modern rifles should succeed in imitating it, by using compressed air instead of gunpowder, a regiment of troops assailed might have no means of knowing from what direction the attack came, and under such conditions would be as apt to run toward the concealed enemy in trying to get away as to fly in the opposite direction.

•

The first pneumatic gun suggesting the modern pattern was designed by an Irishman named O'Leary in 1847. The up-to-date Zalinski dynamite thrower is merely an improvement on it. Concisely stated, its mechanism consisted of a steel cannon, an air reservoir, a pump to fill the reservoir with air, and a lever which released a valve and permitted the projectile to be sped swiftly on its way by the expanding air.

The Zalinski pneumatic gun is more properly called an aerial torpedo thrower.

THE FAMOUS THREE ON THE VESUVIUS

Three weapons of this type are carried by the United States torpedo cruiser Vesuvius, and the first practical trials of their efficiency have been made during the last few weeks at Santiago, where the projectiles thrown by them are described as having smashed things in a frightful way, literally tearing large chunks out of the landscape and wiping out whole batteries. The Spaniards are said to have been frightened nearly to death by these tremendous missiles, which explode with a noise like a dozen of the loudest thunder-claps put together, lighting up the surrounding scenery with a glare like that of a volcanic eruption. Their effect upon the morals of the enemy is a very important point in their favor.

There is something weird about the picture of the little Vesuvius steaming up every night close under the hills at the mouth of the harbor of Santiago, and gently expectorating three of those awful bombs, with hardly more noise than is made by the shooting of a boy's pop-gun, then stealing swiftly away to a safe distance while the mountains were still echoing the awful thunders let loose.

•

Newspaper dispatches say that the sound made by pneumatic guns is strangely like a cough, and this is decidedly interesting because it really is a cough. If a man gets a crumb in his throat, he violently exerts his chest muscles so as to drive the air quickly out of his lungs, expelling the crumb. The noise incidental to the operation is called a cough. Now, in the case of the pneumatic gun, the crumb is the projectile, and the lungs are the reservoir of compressed air, which expels it and forms an essential part of the weapon.

The Vesuvius is put down in the Navy lists as a "steel dynamite gunboat." She was built by the Cramps in Philadelphia, and is 253 feet long; she draws eleven feet of water, and has a displacement of 929 tons. Provided with twin screws and triple-expansion engines, she is very fast, being able to steam at the rate of twenty-one and a half knots an hour. She carries in her bow three pneumatic guns of the largest size known up to date; each of them is fifty-five feet long, and has a calibre of fifteen inches. They are not at all like ordinary cannon, which may be raised, lowered, moved about and pointed. On the contrary, they are stationary tubes of steel, pointing upward at an angle of thirty degrees, and, owing to this inclination, extending through three decks of the vessel. In a word, the breech of each weapon is in the lower hold, while its muzzle projects through and above the upper deck. To aim the guns the ship itself has to be moved and pointed.

PUTTY-BLOWER

•

Each gun has a reservoir that contains a large amount of air at a pressure of 1000 pounds to the square inch. The air is stored in these reservoirs by small engines, and it may be kept ready in this way for weeks. When a projectile is to be discharged a quantity of the compressed air is admitted by a valve to the tube of the gun behind the projectile, and thus it is fired. The largest sized shell is nine feet long, with a head which holds about one and a half barrels of high explosive; it has a guiding tail somewhat like a screw propeller to give it rotation and make it go straight. Such a projectile weighs 1000 pounds, including its charge of 500 pounds of dynamite or other stuff. Any high explosive may be employed, inasmuch as there is no shock in the firing to cause danger.

Any one of the three guns of the Vesuvius is able to throw five hundred pounds of guncotton—the explosive she has been using off Santiago—to a distance of one mile and a half. Smaller projectiles, holding one hundred pounds of the explosive, she can throw over twice that distance. The bomb is fired by an electric battery devised by Captain Zalinski, U. S. A. In fact, two batteries, each a little bigger than a thimble, are placed in each shell. One of these tiny batteries gives a spark to fire the charge when the projectile strikes a solid target; the other battery is put into the shell dry and inert, being of the chemical kind, but a hole is left open so that, if the bomb falls into the sea, water entering the battery will make it active and explode the torpedo within about a second. This delay is desirable, as a torpedo well submerged does much more damage to an object over it than when exploded near the surface.

•

The firing valve through which the compressed air is admitted to the gun is a marvelous bit of mechanism, moving about fifty times faster than the slide-valve of a locomotive running at a speed of sixty miles an hour. It is too complex an affair, however, to be describable here. When the pneumatic gun is fired there is no smoke, but a small cloud of frosty vapor at the muzzle of the weapon, caused by the freezing of the moisture in the surrounding atmosphere, due to the rapid expansion of the air from the gun. The so-called "firing" of the gun is accomplished simply by opening the valve after the projectile has been placed in the weapon.

If the Vesuvius discharged one of its shells at a Spanish ship, her purpose would be not so much to hit the vessel aimed at as to land near her in the water. This seems odd, but the fact is that a torpedo exploding in the water near a ship will do a great deal more damage than if it actually strikes her. Landing within seventy feet, a charge of five hundred pounds of guncotton or of dynamite will destroy the strongest battle-ship that floats. Thus the size of the effective target is enormous. Anything near a hit counts, whether the projectile explodes fifty feet above the vessel, fifty feet on either side of her, or fifty feet short of her. In effect, a ship three hundred feet long represents a target of twice that length and one hundred feet in height.

BELOW DECK IN THE VESUVIUS, SHOWING THE BREECHES OF THE GUNS

The constructors of the pneumatic gun do not consider it a gun in the ordinary sense, but a means for getting a torpedo to or near an enemy's ship. Hence they prefer to call it an aerial torpedo thrower. The superiority

of this kind of torpedo to the sub-marine type is quite obvious. The Whitehead torpedo, for example, carrying one hundred and ten pounds of guncotton, moves through the water at a rate of forty feet per second, and has never been effective against a ship from a distance above three hundred yards. On the other hand, the aerial torpedo flies through the air with a velocity of 700 to 1000 feet per second, and has a range of 2000 to 5500 yards making it much more dangerous.

ZALINSKI

THE INVENTOR OF THE DYNAMITE GUN

Conservative naval officers have been disposed to cry down the Vesuvius ever since she was built. They have asserted that the short range of her guns must render her useless for practical purposes. A war-ship armed with modern high-power rifles could lie in absolute security at a distance of three and a half miles and destroy the entire pneumatic outfit. It would appear, however, that the work of the little vessel at Santiago is likely to cause a reconsideration of these views, though such craft doubtless will never be considered available except for certain kinds of work. Experiments have been made with higher air-pressures, with a view to obtaining greater range, but without success. When a pressure greater than 1000 pounds to the square inch is used, the additional force is counterbalanced by the greater weight of the air, which itself has to be thrown as well as the projectile.

•

It was proposed at one time to build a sister to the Vesuvius, which should have one pneumatic gun aft in addition to three in the bow. Also, it was thought that one of the bow guns might be laid horizontal, so as to get a straight trajectory for short ranges. Naval strategists have expressed the opinion that boats of torpedo cruisers could hunt in couples to advantage. Before long it is expected that a newly invented explosive called "jovite" will be used instead of guncotton for loading the shells of the aerial as torpedo throwers. Jovite is as powerful as guncotton and safer than gunpowder. Projectiles filled with it have been fired through fourteen and a half inches of nickel-steel armor experimentally, not exploding until they reached the other side. This means that such a shell would enter the hull of the most heavily armored vessel and explode on the inside, the result being necessarily the total destruction of the ship.

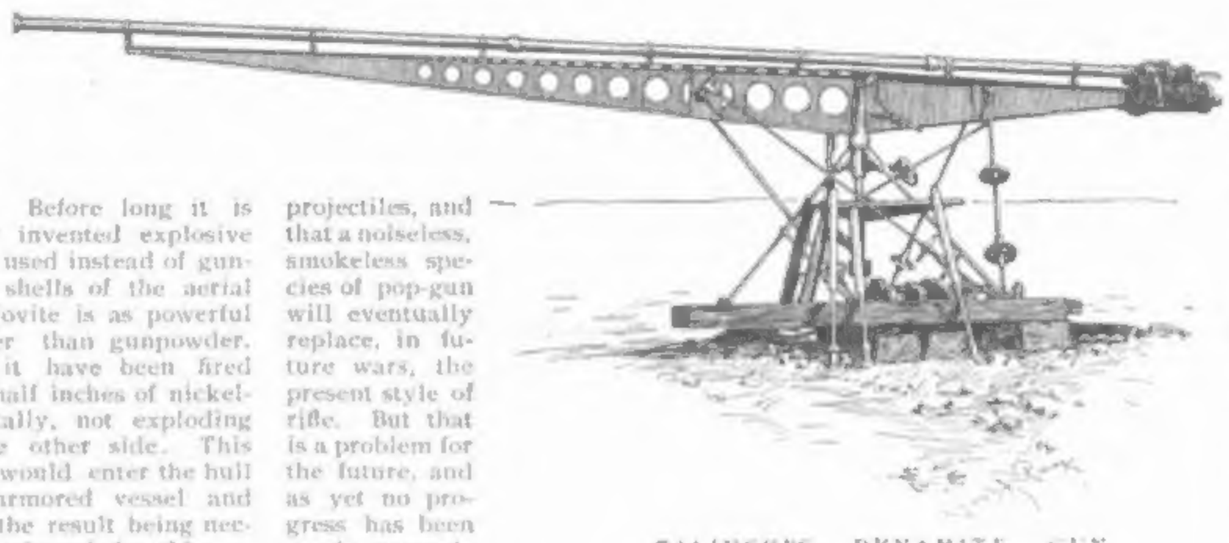
Certain it is that the possibilities in the pneumatic guns on war-ships have not yet been developed to the full. But the practical test of the war will prove valuable.

Pneumatic guns of the largest size are mounted at Sandy Hook and at San Francisco. They are of the same calibre as those of the Vesuvius, though their construction is somewhat different as to details. Each gun is very long and comparatively light, and is strengthened in front of the trunnions by an arrangement somewhat like the stock of a musket. Unlike the guns of the dynamite cruiser, these torpedo throwers on land can be altered in position and aimed with the utmost readiness. They are trained by hydraulic or electric power as easily and almost as quickly as one can aim a shotgun. The compressed air is stored in a reservoir under ground, and when needed is conveyed by pipes to the gun.

•

Wonderful as is the Zalinski pneumatic gun, and complicated as is its mechanism, it is merely the latest development of a contrivance the evolution of which began certainly thousands and probably tens of thousands of years ago. The primitive savage, whittling a pop-gun out of a stick, unconsciously assisted in the progressive creation of an instrument that was destined to become a fearful engine of warfare. The blowpipe of the South American savage and the putty-blower of the civilized small boy do but represent phases of the same type of engine, depending always for its efficiency upon the same principle of air-compression.

It may be, indeed, that air in a high state of compression or condensation will some day take the place of all agents that depend on chemical action for the propulsion of projectiles, and that a noiseless, smokeless species of pop-gun will eventually replace, in future wars, the present style of rifle. But that is a problem for the future, and as yet no progress has been made towards perfecting a pneumatic small arm of sufficiently high power and simple mechanism for the use of the soldier.



ZALINSKI'S DYNAMITE GUN

DOCTOR SAMUEL SMILES AT HOME

A Chat With the Author of Self-Help

THE popular edition of Doctor Smiles' works is being sold all over the world in such enormous numbers that it will be interesting to a multitude of readers to know that the veteran author is watching its progress with the greatest pleasure. Some of his writings take us back so far in the century that it may be surprising to many to hear that Doctor Smiles still takes his daily drive at Kensington, and receives and writes innumerable letters on the subject of his books.

"People tell me so," he said, when I remarked upon the wonderful influence of Self-Help; "I receive a good many letters from all parts of the world from those who have been helped and encouraged by my book, and they are very cheering."

No book of its kind has ever achieved such a remarkable reputation as Self-Help. The work has been translated into seventeen languages. Yet it was contemptuously refused by the first publisher to whom it was offered, and the refusal so discouraged the author that he allowed the manuscript to lie in his desk for years, and did not dare to publish it until he had established his reputation by his Life of George Stephenson. Since then Doctor Smiles has written many books. For over half a century the Doctor has been busy with his pen, and it is exactly sixty years this year since he launched his first work on the troubled sea of literature.

Both publisher and author were soon able to laugh at their own timorousness, for the sales of Self-Help in the first year reached over twenty thousand. "And yet, but a few years before," said Doctor Smiles, as we sat in his pretty drawing-room in Pembroke Gardens, "I had received a letter from a well-known publisher, saying that I should find the manuscript on his counter whenever I liked to call for it! The world was much younger then—I forget how many years ago it was—but I well remember how I came to write the book. It was some time after I had published my first book, and I was in Leeds. Somewhat singularly, I had been engaged in three professions in that town—medicine, journalism, and finally as Secretary of a railway company—and had consequently become pretty well known.

"I was Secretary of the Leeds & Thirsk Railway when some young men requested me to give them some addresses, or, as they put it, 'to talk to them a bit.' They were a group of highly deserving and persevering young men, and it was impossible to refuse to give such help as one could, so I gave them some homely talks on such subjects as thrift, courage and industry. Those little talks are among the happiest memories of my life. There was nothing in them that was particularly new—indeed, I have often said that the counsel I gave those young men was as old as the Proverbs of Solomon—but I had the satisfaction of knowing that, however old-fashioned my advice may have seemed, it was honestly welcomed.

"These talks—which were given, by the way, in a dismal-looking room which had been formerly used as a cholera hospital—formed the basis of Self-Help, though the book was not actually written until quite fifteen years afterward. Though I had originally no intention of writing the book, the subject grew in interest the more I studied it, and my friendship with George Stephenson had a good deal to do with my ultimate determination to write Self-Help."

Stephenson himself often preached on the same theme, and Doctor Smiles recalls with a laugh how he once heard the great engineer, in the course of a lecture at Leeds, roar out in his broad North Country accent, "Young men, parsevere, parsevere; it's been the making o' me."

How well Doctor Smiles has turned his friendship with Stephenson to account everybody knows. It has been characteristic of Doctor Smiles that he has never missed an opportunity of pointing a moral. Self-Help is the result of twelve years of amazing patience and research. In no other book are we introduced to so many heroes—the heroines are strangely absent—in all branches of life, taken from the historical records of all countries and peoples.

•

Doctor Smiles either interviewed or corresponded with the characters included in his book, and frequently traveled great distances to obtain his information first-hand. During his travels abroad, he made many distinguished friends, including the Queen of Italy, who invited him to call at the Imperial palace. The "apostle of politeness" was careful to inform the Queen that he had never been presented at Court in England, whereupon Her Majesty assured the author that "that was of small account, as the meeting was to be a friendly and personal one, not a meeting between sovereign and subject." It is curious that, though Doctor Smiles has never received an honor in his own country, two or three foreign decorations have been conferred upon him as marks of appreciation, one of these being of very recent date.

It would be wide of the truth to say that Doctor Smiles has not been appreciated in his own country, but, like many another English writer, he has won perhaps greater distinction abroad. The compliment paid him by the Queen of Italy was but the expression of the great esteem in which he is held by the whole Italian nation.

Quite thirty years ago Self-Help was regarded as such a valuable work in Italy that the Florence Society for the Education of the People endeavored to rouse a spirit of emulation by offering a prize for a similar book based on Italian principles. The Italian Prime Minister of that day also issued a circular to Italian consuls all over the world, commending Doctor Smiles' book to their attention, and appealing to them to cooperate with him in the production of a Self-Help for their own country. The result of these activities was the publication of Lessona's Volere è Potere.

•

Doctor Smiles once received a pressing request to visit Italy, the invitation setting forth that "You have done more to make Italy than Cavour or Garibaldi ever did; come and see." The author went, was warmly welcomed by the Queen, and was the guest of honor at a banquet of the Italian Press Association held in Rome.

Had Shakespeare had much experience as a publisher of books, he would never have asked the familiar question, "What's in a name?" A publisher will tell you that no part of a book is of more importance, commercially speaking, than the title on the cover, and Doctor Smiles has found this out, though the discovery was made too late to allow the name to be altered. The author has received numerous letters from those who imagined that the book was a eulogy of selfishness, and it must be admitted that the title, Self-Help, has, now-a-days, a suggestion of selfishness which is hardly in keeping with the higher spirit of the times. But no stronger argument against selfishness has ever been put into book form than this, and Doctor Smiles' aim in writing Self-Help was the very antithesis of the help-yourself doctrine. "I have tried to rectify the strong tendency toward selfishness," he remarked. "The selfish man becomes a curse to himself and to others. I see a great deal of it, but it is not Christian, it is not humane—anything but that. I have never advocated mere money-getting or working solely for personal advantage."

Doctor Smiles is prouder of having been a business man than of being a famous author. He spent twenty-one years in railway work; and in his capacity of Secretary of the South-Eastern Railway Company helped in the completion of Charing Cross station—one of the finest railway termini in the Kingdom. Earlier in life, he was an artist of no mean order, and did a great deal of sketching.

•

I asked Doctor Smiles what class of literature he regarded as most helpful, but a moment's reflection convinced me that the question was superfluous. For has not Doctor Smiles devoted his gifted pen almost entirely to biography? Glancing through the list of his works, one finds that he has based many standard books on the lives of humble men such as are generally deemed of no account in the world. He has rescued the lowliest characters from the obscurity of their village life, and placed them on a pedestal for all men to admire. A barber, a baker, a geologist, a naturalist, a potter, and men in all callings are among those whose lives he has written, and he may be said, indeed, to have begun a new era of biographical literature.

It is interesting, therefore, to know what Doctor Smiles has to say of biography as literature. "It's chief use," he says, "consists in the noble models of character in which it abounds. Our great forefathers still live among us in the records of their lives, as well as in the acts they have done, which live also; still sit by us at table, and hold us by the hand, furnishing examples for our benefit which we may still study, admire and imitate. Indeed, whoever has left behind a record of a noble life has bequeathed to posterity an enduring service of good, for it serves as a model for others to form themselves by in all time to come, still breathing fresh life into men, helping them to reproduce his life anew, and to illustrate his character in other forms."

Doctor Smiles has passed his eighty-fifth birthday. The remarkable activity of his long life has told heavily upon him, and though he has a multitude of friends, the veteran author's visitors are few.

His house is situated in one of the prettiest parts of Kensington, and he is rarely away from home, except that every morning, when the weather is fine, he drives out for an hour with his wife, to whom he is still so devoted that they are never seen apart. He celebrated his golden wedding four years ago, and has a large family of children and grandchildren, in whose doings he takes the deepest interest. Doctor Smiles still reads a good deal, and writes his own letters in a clear hand, but he is too feeble for much physical exertion, and is not likely to publish anything else to add to his fame.

• • •

TOLD OF JOSEPH JEFFERSON

Joseph Jefferson's Check.—There is a bank in a little country town up in the mountains of New Hampshire which holds a check of Joseph Jefferson for two dollars. The check is in a frame, under glass, and will probably never be seen by Mr. Jefferson. It was written while the veteran actor was out on a hunting and fishing trip. While following the road on foot to a town, he came in sight of a farmhouse. Here, he thought, was an opportunity to hire a wagon and team to carry him the remainder of the way. But to his surprise he found that he did not have the $2. Not a piece of paper could be found. So the old comedian took out his knife, cut a square piece of white birch bark from one of the trees near by, and wrote a check for the amount on that. When the little country village was reached, this unique check was taken to the bank by the farmer and immediately cashed. The bank had it framed and keeps it as a souvenir of the great actor.

•

Set the Ice Cream Afire.—Joseph Jefferson, at a recent dinner where he was the guest of honor, says the New York Times, told the following amusing incident:

The stage properties and resources of a certain Western theatre were of the most primitive kind. There was a banquet scene in the play, at which molasses and water did duty for wine, and Sea Island cotton had to play the part of ice cream. On the night in question one of these assistants, who was far from sober, in placing a candelabrum on the banquet table, managed to tip a lighted candle over into the ice cream bowl. And the spectators were instantly treated to the unparalleled experience of seeing ice cream in a blaze. The tipsy assistant was instructed to put the light out, and not noticing that the ice cream was on fire, staggered back and extinguished the candles.

"PUBLICK OCCURRENCES" THAT ARE MAKING HISTORY

War Making New Political Parties

An important outcome of our war operations is the organization of two new political parties, the one favoring the other opposing, the policy of territorial expansion. To most persons it would seem premature to discuss what this country should do with various pieces of property before it had fully and legally acquired them; but the gentleman who consider this question may feel the need of inaugurating a "campaign of education."

The two parties in prospect, already spoken of as Imperialists and anti-Imperialists, have large followings, and are strongly represented in the regular Republican and Democratic parties. At present the purpose is to obtain the views of our ablest men, irrespective of party affiliation and whether they favor or oppose the policy of expansion, on the question: Should the foreign policy of our fathers be adhered to or departed from? Whatever conclusion this convention may reach, the subject of its consideration is sure to form a plank in our National political platforms.

Three Months of Army Making

Within ninety days after the President's call for volunteers there was recruited, physically examined, mustered, equipped and placed in the field a volunteer Army of 212,000 men. During this period also the regular Army was increased by recruiting from 26,500 men to 51,400. At the end of the period the authorized strength of both armies was 277,500 men, and the actual strength in the field was 261,500. In addition to the ordinary volunteers for both armies, there were, under special acts of Congress, a force of 3000 volunteer Cavalry, a brigade of 3500 volunteer Engineers, and a body of 10,000 yellow fever immunes.

The rapidity with which these various bodies were brought into practical existence was a matter of amazement to the military representatives of foreign countries who are officially studying the war, and this amazement was intensified when the experts witnessed the marvelous prowess of the amalgamated Army at La Quasina, El Caney, and, particularly, at the San Juan hill. It was frankly admitted by the experts that Europe contains little of such fighting material, and it cannot comprehend how the United States can obtain from its private citizenship so large and so effective a force in so short a time.

Klondike's Disappointing Output of Gold

Trustworthy authorities of the United States and Canada agree that there has been a large falling off in the rush to the Klondike. The hardships of travel and living there, the lack of a proper supply of food, and the Canadian regulations concerning the payment of royalty are among the deterrent reasons.

The riches of the region continue to cause wonder, and prospectors are opening many new sections. Results however, are disappointing. Although the output of the Yukon mines this year reaches nearly $15,000,000, that figure is considerably below conservative estimates of last Fall. A notable feature of last winter's operations is that the disadvantages of mining in the Northwest Territory directed a larger attention to mines on the American side of the boundary and confirmed the opinion that the most profitable mining in the future would be on Alaskan territory.

What Land-Hunger Has Done for Europe

At the present moment, when our people are divided on the policy of acquiring outlying possessions, a summary of what the principal foreign nations have done in this line cannot fail to prove both interesting and suggestive. The results also show rather astonishing conditions. Great Britain, France, Holland and Portugal have now more inhabitants in their colonial possessions and protectorates than there are at home, including the recently leased territory in China, the German Empire proper has not much more than one fifth of the area of its colonial possessions. This Empire ranks third in regard to extent of colonial territory and sixth in colonial population.

Great Britain, the largest of all colonizers, has an area of less than 121,000 square miles at home and nearly 17,000,000 square miles abroad, with a motherland population of nearly 40,000,000 and a colonial of about 322,000,000. The home area of France is less than one tenth of its colonial, and its colonial population is greater than the population of the motherland by about 6,000,000. Germany, Spain, Italy and Denmark have more people at home than in their colonies, but their colonial areas are much larger. The most curious of all is Holland, with a home area of less than 13,000 square miles and a colonial of nearly 800,000, and a home population of about one eighth of its colonial.

Japan's First Partisan Ministry

The recent cabinet change in Japan means more than is apparent on the surface. It marks the culmination of political conditions that developed after the granting of constitutional government in 1889 and the meeting of the first Diet or Parliament in the following year. It also marks the beginning of executive government through the agency of a strictly partisan ministry.

In the last respect the Empire is now for the first time on a plane with its Western neighbors. The adoption of Western ideas and methods has been much more rapid and general in Japan than in China, but even in Japan, despite the most ardent advocates of the new order of things, there has been, and is, a strong opposition element. The new Cabinet represents a coalition of the two leading political parties, the Progressive and the Liberal, and the new Premier and Minister for Foreign Affairs, Count Okuma, belongs to the former. The Progressives form a majority of the Cabinet; the Liberals have two members; and the remaining two, the Ministers of Marine and War, under the law, hold no political affiliation.

The Growth of Cotton Milling in the South

Some time ago the Post called attention to an alarming decrease in the production of the cotton and woolen mills of the New England States and to the highly prosperous condition of the same industries in a number of the Southern States. The situation in the former section has since shown little, if any, improvement, but in the South the appreciation has been remarkably large. Many mills are running overtime, with separate day and night forces, and in very many cases semi-annual dividends have been made on the rates of ten and twelve per cent per annum, in addition to the assignment of similar amounts to surplus and new machinery accounts. Cotton mill stock is now more profitable than railroad shares.

American Iron and Steel Industries

Annual and semi-annual reports on the condition of the great iron and steel industries of the United States, recently issued, indicate highly satisfactory situations. In the first half of 1898 the production of Bessemer pig iron exceeded that of the previous corresponding period by more than 1,000,000 gross tons, and the production by all processes was the largest half year's output on authentic record. Within four years the output of open hearth steel ingots and castings has more than doubled. There has been a decrease in two years in the number of active blast furnaces, but those now in operation have an increased annual capacity of nearly 1,750,000 gross tons over the total of 1895, or more than 10,000 gross tons. A correspondingly large increase in the capacity of the active rolling mills and steel works is also reported.

How Prisoners Must be Treated

In view of the recent surrender of Spanish soldiers in various Cuban strong holds, it is interesting to look for a moment at the rules regarding the treatment of prisoners, and these rules hold good in practically every civilized country on the globe. Being a public enemy, a prisoner of war is the prisoner of the Government, not of the captor, and cannot be released by his individual captor or the officer in command. The Government alone relieves captives according to rules prescribed by itself.

It is required that he be fed on plain wholesome food, and shall be subject to no intentional suffering or indignity. According to the prisoner's rank or condition he may be made to work for the Government which captured him, and is subject to such confinement or imprisonment as may be deemed necessary for safety. He is to be subjected to no intentional suffering or indignity. The mode of treating a prisoner may be varied during his captivity according to the demands of safety.

A prisoner who escapes may be killed in his flight, but no penalty can be imposed on him simply for his attempt to escape, unless such attempt may have been general among the prisoners and have assumed the character of a conspiracy for a united escape. If prisoners of war, having given no pledge nor made any promise, on their honor or otherwise, should escape and be captured again in battle after having rejoined the army which they were in the service of, they may be punished with death or any other penalty can be inflicted on them simply for their attempt to escape, which the law of war does not consider a crime.

When a wounded man is made a prisoner he must be medically treated according to the ability of the medical staff. The matter of violence against prisoners in order to extort information of the enemy. The nation's cause is not to be regarded as being that it is not the men personally against whom they are fighting, but the nation which the men represent, and in the event of capture the prisoner is to be treated not as a convict, but in all respects as a man.

Unmistakable Signs of British Friendship

Lord Salisbury declared the other day in London: "We know that the United States are animated by elevated philanthropic" motives. In the House of Commons a resolution in the American sense was received with enthusiasm and gave unqualified endorsement to Mr. Chamberlain's thoughtful and Englishman-like way of putting the unusual compliment of sending several thousand military organizations across the border to help us celebrate our national day. Equally significant, and under the peculiar circumstances in which the United States Government is now placed, of far more practical value was the dispatch of a strong British expedition into Sierra Leone, Africa, and the severe punishment of the rebellious natives for having murdered a number of American and native missionaries. No formal treaty can be necessary to cement a natural alliance of blood.

The Vast Returns from the War Revenue

The productiveness of the War Revenue bill was variously estimated at from $130,000,000 to $180,000,000 per annum at the time of its adoption. Chairman Dingley believed it would reach a figure about midway of those extremes. In the first twenty-three days of its operation the actual yield was more than $4,125,000 or somewhat less than $180,000 daily. At this rate, the annual yield would amount to the large sum of over $65,000,000.

For many obvious reasons, however, it is impossible of steady, or even maintenance, yet it affords reasonable ground for believing that the highest estimate of the friends of the bill will be largely exceeded. Under indications that the bill will yield more revenue than was expected it is understood that the rate of collection is under being closely scanned in Washington with the view of having such parts as press most heavily on the people either stricken from the schedules or modified as far as possible.

Arming the Battle-Ship of the Future

The man behind the gun has had his day of surpassing glory at Manila and off Cuba, and the constructor, the gun-founder and the engineer are now called out for commendation. It is interesting to note that the deductions of the American Board of Survey that critically inspected the remains of Admiral Cervera's battleships, are in close accord with the frequently expressed views of Chief Naval Constructor Hichborn, Chief Engineer Melville, and other naval bureau officers of note.

These expert views have not been received either in the service or in the Congressional committees with the favor they are now seen to have deserved. Most likely Cervera's great misfortune and the comparative immunity of our vessels from serious damage will give more weight in the future to American constructive opinions. Greater speed, the elimination of wood in the construction of battle ships, the placing of torpedoes below the water line, and a larger provision of eight and six inch guns and secondary rapid fire batteries are conspicuous among recommendations for the battle ships of the future.

The Transformation of Santiago de Cuba

The transformation of Santiago de Cuba from a fortified and beleaguered city to an active commercial port was one of those speedy things for which Americans are particularly noted. On Thursday the city was surrendered, on the following Sunday it was ceremonially occupied by the American Army, on Monday its dreaded harbor mines were exploded by its new occupants, and a special code for its Government under the military authority was promulgated by the President; on Tuesday an American customs officer was posted in the city to collect the revenues as a war contribution; on Wednesday there was a general reopening of stores and resumption of business; and on Saturday the first commercial steamship left New York for the city, carrying many Cuban refugees, representatives of American firms and syndicates anxious to undertake the development of the rich resources of the province, and a great cargo of provisions. The American occupation resulted in immediate benefits that were freely acknowledged.

American Trade Interests at Manila

The Philippine Caroline, Ladrone and Sulu Islands are all within the consular district of the United States Consulate at Manila. While several countries are endeavoring to determine just what they will permit the United States to do in that quarter in the future, it is important to note that in recent years the trend of trade has been steadily toward the United States. Twenty-two countries now have consular representatives in Manila and Oscar F. Williams, the United States Consul there, reports that the volume of the export trade coming under his official supervision equals that of his twenty-one colleagues combined.

How Foreigners are Climbing Our Tariff Wall

Almost immediately after the adoption of the Dingley Tariff bill a number of eminent foreign manufacturers declared that their only means of competing successfully with American manufacturers lay in the removal of their plants to this country. Projects for the first location here of many branch industrial establishments of large size are already being worked out in England, Scotland, France and Germany. The most advanced step so far taken in this line is that of a company of German steel manufacturers backed with heavy capital, which has begun the construction of a plant at Pullman. It is planned to be one of the largest steel producing works in America. This plant will require twenty acres of ground, will be one of a group now in operation in Germany, Austria and Wales, and will compete with American works under our new tariff.

The Government as a Public Educator

In a little more than one hundred years, Congress has made grants of public lands for the establishment of institutions of higher education aggregating over 38,000 square miles, which have been sold by the States receiving for them more than $50,000,000. Under the subsidy Acts of 1887 and 1890 it has also applied more than $24,000,000 to this object, making a total of over $80,750,000. Its guaranteed appropriations to the agricultural and mechanical colleges of the States and Territories began with $15,000 to each and increase annually by $1,000 till the maximum of $25,000 is reached, which thereafter becomes the permanent appropriation to each of such institutions. These colleges now number about fifty, and their annual receipts from the Government average nearly $30,000 each.

Spanish Territory for the Missionaries

The surrender of Santiago de Cuba so quickened the movement, already noted in the Post, for a union of American missionary boards for work in foreign fields that an immediate conference of interested parties was deemed necessary. At this meeting in New York, it was shown that seven different mission boards had either undertaken work in Cuba or prepared to do so as soon as the Spaniards were expelled; that three boards would send representatives to Porto Rico as soon as the island was occupied by Americans; that three other boards were prepared to undertake work in the Philippine Islands; and that the American Board might take the Caroline and Ladrone Islands as its special field. The last feature of the conference was an agreement for the distribution among the different boards of the new territory opened by the war, so as to prevent denominational rivalry and a waste of means and energy which is needed for their work.

Triumph of the English Marriage Bill

Seldom has a bill in the British Parliament aroused such persistent adverse and opposition as the one to legalize marriage with a deceased wife's sister. It has been introduced almost annually for several years, but has seldom reached a second reading. The opposition has invariably been led by the ecclesiastical members from purely religious motives, and strong support has been given the measure by the Prince of Wales and other members of the Royal family.

This year the bill reappeared in a new form and passed a second reading in the House of Lords by a vote of 129 to 46, the Premier, the Lord Chancellor, the Archbishops, and several influential members of the Government opposing it, and the Prince of Wales, Duke of Fife, and all the Liberal peers supporting it. The bill makes marriage with a deceased wife's sister, lawfully contracted in any of the British Colonies, valid throughout the United Kingdom, and the bill was introduced at the earnest request of very nearly every colony.

MEN & WOMEN OF THE HOUR

Close-Range Studies of Contemporaries

Lady Henry Somerset, the Temperance Leader Lady Somerset, who has been elected President of the British Woman's Temperance Association for the eighth time, is one of the most conspicuous leaders in the temperance movement of Great Britain. She is as widely known and loved throughout the United States as in her own country, because of the long and intimate association with the late Frances E. Willard. They cooperated in the cause of temperance for many years, Lady Somerset spending a part of one year in the United States and Miss Willard a part of another with her friend in England.

Lady Henry is the eldest daughter of Earl and Countess Somers, of Eastnor Castle, Ledbury, England, and was born in 1851. She succeeded to the sole inheritance of the vast estate of her father, and when twenty-one years old was married to Lord Somerset, second son of the Duke of Beaufort. In 1885, at her castle gates, she signed the temperance pledge with many of her tenants. Having nearly 100,000 tenants in London alone, she immediately applied herself to ameliorating the condition of those people, and afterward of society generally, by every means within her great power. She has fed 1,000 thousand poor persons at a time at her castle, and never wearies of well-doing.

•

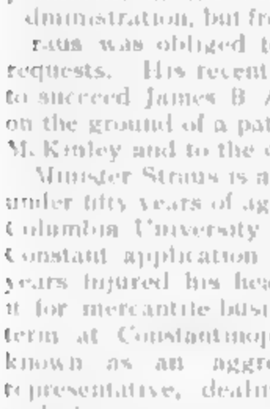
Why Oscar S. Straus, Was Sent to Turkey The appointment of a pronounced Democrat to a high diplomatic office by a Republican President was a unique tribute to personal worth and tried capability. Mr. Straus was first appointed Minister to Turkey by President Cleveland, in the early part of his first Administration. President Harrison wished him to retain the post through his Administration, and President Cleveland tendered him a reappointment at the beginning of his second administration, but from business reasons Mr. Straus was obliged to decline both of these requests. His recent acceptance of the post, to succeed James B. Angell, LL.D., was put on the ground of a patriotic duty to President McKinley and to the country.

Minister Straus is a native of Georgia, and under fifty years of age. He is a graduate of Columbia University and of its law school. Constant application to law practice for ten years injured his health, and he abandoned it for mercantile business. During his first term at Constantinople he became widely known as an aggressive, thoroughgoing representative, dealing firmly and rapidly with the procrastinating officials and Hebrew though he is, winning the commendations of the American missionaries and the respect of all citizens.

Some one called on President McKinley previous to Mr. Oscar Straus' appointment as Minister to Turkey to explain what a wicked free trader he was and how he had written against McKinley and Dingleyism. The President replied: "Then the best thing to do with him is to send him out of the country, and I'm going to do it."

•

Emperor Menelek and His Charming Wife The announcement that Negus Menelek, the conqueror of the Italian troops in Africa, intends to take a tour through Europe during the coming month calls public attention anew to one of the most interesting men of our day. He is a keen-witted civilized potentate, and the Italians have found, to their discomfort, that as a fighter and a diplomat he is no mean opponent. In his visit to Europe he will go direct to Paris, and will remain with him a brilliant es-



He advertises his mission to be one of "commercial and political" importance. After he has transacted his business in Paris he will journey to St. Petersburg, where he will have an audience with the Czar. According to Le Gaulois, this European trip has been arranged by the Russian representative at Menelek's court. In all probability, a direct journey home will be made from St. Petersburg, in spite of what some Italian journals say, that he will extend his tour to Jerusalem and try to be there during the sojourn of the German Kaiser in the Holy City. As the supposed descendant of the Queen of Sheba, he has long been contemplating a pilgrimage to the Holy Land, to visit the various shrines of Christianity.

Queen Taitou, the wife of Menelek, is no less interesting than her husband. When she appears in public she is accompanied by many women mounted on richly caparisoned mules, with runners, umbrella bearers and other attendants. Taitou's umbrella is a bright red. She is very stout, but withal her presence is dignified. She is remarkably well informed on current topics and is a charming conversationalist.

Her letters are well written and have a bright, natural style. She does not dress any more richly than her ladies in waiting, but she is the very essence of cleanliness. The Empress believes thoroughly in Court etiquette, and no one may gaze on her unless he has been formally presented to her.

•

F. Hopkinson Smith as a Traveling Salesman F. Hopkinson Smith, the writer whose latest work, Caleb West, Master Diver, is creating such a sensation, is a very busy civil engineer and his firm makes a specialty of building lighthouses. Some time ago Mr. Smith was one of four traveling men seated in the smoking compartment of a Pullman. All had avowed themselves "drummers," and three told of the trouble they had in getting orders. "Why, gentlemen," said one, the other two having unburdened themselves with a lamentation, "that ain't nothin'! I'm goin' to get the sack for sure. I expect it within twenty-four hours. I haven't sold a bill of goods for a week." The fourth man of the party, Mr. Smith, crossed his legs nonchalantly. "Well, I haven't made a sale for two months," he said. The others looked at him aghast. "And your people keep you on?" asked one. Mr. Smith nodded. "Great Scott!" broke in another, "what in ——— you trying to ——— lighthouses?" said Mr. Smith.

•

Prince Poniatowski's Illustrious Ancestry Prince Poniatowski, who is now visiting America, is reported to have enlisted or offered to enlist in the pro-Cuban Army. He comes of a fine race. It was his grandfather, Josef Anton Poniatowski, a nephew of the King of Poland, who covered Napoleon's retreat from Leipsic. Replying to a question by the Emperor, he said that out of the 8000 men he had commanded only 800 remained. "Well, then," replied Napoleon, "it is to you and yours, Prince Poniatowski, that I leave the duty of covering my retreat. Eight hundred heroes are worth eight thousand." Murat followed his master, and Poniatowski was advised to "reserve himself for future service" by doing likewise, but he said: "God has confided to me the honor of the Polanders—it is to Him only I will return it."

When his band of heroes was cut to pieces, he leaped on a horse and plunged into the Plesse; the animal struggled for awhile and sank. The Prince was rescued by his aide-de-camp and succeeded in reaching the bank of the Elster, where, securing another horse, he again plunged. Both horse and rider went down, and Poniatowski, the hero, was lost to Poland and to the world.

•

Octave Mirabeau, the French Playwright Octave Mirabeau, the author of Les Mauvais Bergers, the new play which Mme. Sarah Bernhardt has just procured at her theatre in Paris, is a native of Normandy. His personality is most striking. Like an ancient Gaul, he has only his chin shaven, while his reddish mustache and tight hair and, indeed, his whole physiognomy, reveal his Gothic descent. It might be imagined that in some age long gone by M. Mirabeau figured in a Bayeux tapestry, on which Queen Matilda embroidered the images of the brave companions whom her husband, William, took with him to conquer England.

It is about fifteen years ago that M. Mirabeau made his début in literature, his first contributions to journalism appearing in the Gaulois. He was one of the first to recognize the genius of Maeterlinck, and his eulogies have much increased the popularity of the Belgian poet. M. Mirabeau is, in fact, happy in discovering merit. He has done much by his pen to heap Auguste, the sculptor, Claude Monet, the painter, and Henry Becque, the dramatist.

As a novelist, Mirabeau is known for his Le Calvaire, which appeared in the Nouvelle Revue about ten years ago, and Sebastian Roch. His Lettres de ma Chaumiere are full of a most delicious irony. In all his writings one can see the spirit of the literary man of the North. His strange, topaz-colored eyes, tinged with green and blue, and a scar between his eyebrows, give his simple, regular face a look of curious complexity, which, however, does not always belie his aggressive but staunch character.

•

Why Don Carlos is Popular in Spain J. G. Mason Blount, Assistant Quartermaster ——— with Don Carlos in the Carlist wars of 1873-77, gives the following description of the character and personal appearance of the Spanish pretender:

"He is one of the most sympathetic leaders I ever saw, is much beloved by his followers, and is one of the most gracious and graceful men I ever knew. In these particulars he is a typical Bourbon. He has the happy faculty of putting at ease any one brought into his presence, and can say and do exactly the right thing at the right time. I saw him under fire a number of times during the war and can testify to his personal bravery. I saw much of him at the siege of Bilboa and always found him an impartial executive, a lovable, courageous General."

•

Theodore Roosevelt, the Typical American Undoubtedly one of the most prominent men in America to-day is Theodore Roosevelt, who has but recently been promoted from the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel to Colonel of United States Volunteers. While

his services in Cuba are bringing him much fame, his greatest work for his country was done when he was in the Navy Department, and the splendid showing which our Navy has made in this war was due to our state of readiness which was the result of Roosevelt's foresight, comprehensive judgment and practical capacity. His promotion of one grade, won not by preferment but in actual battle, is a proper recognition of merit.

Mr. Roosevelt is a graduate of Harvard University; but he didn't stand at the head of his class, and would drop his books any time to get into the middle of a football game. He has an intense love of adventure, and seems utterly fearless. He has been a Deputy Sheriff in Montana, where his ranch is, and has had plenty of rough experiences on the plains. He never stops to think things over too long. He says that people who stop to think never accomplish anything.

•

When the Prince of Wales Was Only an Earl The Prince of Wales, who is always prominently before the public, has attained temporary notoriety because of his recent painful accident. One of the stories told about him is that on one occasion when His Royal Highness and an equerry were going through the Louvre galleries they were observed by a party of Americans, one of whom remarked in a loud whisper to one of his friends, "I'll bet you ten naps that's the Prince of Wales." "Done!" cried the other. Accordingly a few moments later the American approached the Prince's equerry and asked him the name of his companion. "The Earl of Chester," was the truthful answer. "Sold!" said the Yankee in a disappointed tone.

•

How Wellman Will Search for the Pole Walter Wellman, the American explorer who has just sailed from Tromso, Northern Norway, on the ship Fridtjof, has no intention of returning home until he has reached the North Pole. He took with him a good sized party, and is undoubtedly determined to succeed. Among the apparatus of the party is a rubber pneumatic boat that can be inflated with a pump like a bicycle tire, and also a folding canvas boat, built from Mr. Wellman's own design. There are, too, special sledges of metal, watertight, so built that they may turn over and over in rough ice or float in water without injury to their contents. Each dog is to draw one sledge, practically without any assistance and without being driven by the men.

Mr. Wellman expects to reach the pole by a sledging expedition over the ice. At Archangel, Russia, he will take on board seventy-five sledge dogs procured in Siberia. At Cape Flora, on the southern coast of Franz Josef Land, latitude eighty, he will establish a supply station, and, leaving two or three men in charge, part of the expedition will prosecute a search for Andree before the steamer returns in the fall. In the meanwhile, Wellman, with half a dozen others, with the boats, sledges, and dogs, will push on to the northern parts of the archipelago, passing very near the point reached by Jackson, the spot where Doctor Nansen and Lieutenant Johansen wintered, and Cape Fligely, Littadale reached by Payer in the year 1874.

They expect to winter somewhere beyond eighty-two degrees, having built a hut there, and living on what provisions they brought with them augmented by the flesh of the polar bear, seal and walrus. As soon as light returns next spring they will again set out on a sledge journey toward the pole. It will be interesting to follow as closely as possible the dash of the American explorers, Peary and Wellman, for the North Pole. So far as the general public is concerned, however, it matters little which one of these men finds it, provided the Stars and Stripes are waved to the elusive pole.

•

The Strange Story of Samoa's Banished King The news despatches recently announced ——— Germany and England had consented to the return of the exiled chief, Mata'afa, to Samoa. But behind the mere announcement lay a wealth of romance. Malietoa Laupepa had been King of Samoa for many years, and was one of a family which had ruled there for twenty-nine generations, but he was not of Royal blood and the natives clamored for a real King. Laupepa, seeing the trend of events abdicated, and the chiefs chose as their King Mata'afa, whose ancestress, Galamasesa, many generations ago, combined four Royal titles in her person and ruled as the first Queen of Samoa.

But the American, English and German results in Samoa would not have it that way. They wished the former King to remain in power; Mata'afa accordingly laid down his newly acquired power, but the reinstated Laupepa retained Mata'afa as Vice-King. Gradually a rebellion formed about him, and was only brought to an end by his capture. The three great nations decided that he must be banished, and in 1893 Mata'afa was taken to the Tokelau Islands, a protectorate of England. The natives of that place spoke a language similar to his own, and his confinement was not so strict. A year later he was removed to one of the Marshall Islands, a ——— of Germany, here he was also ——— a stranger in a strange land. He knew nothing of the language and his confinement was much stricter, and his condition exceedingly wretched. In 1897 King Laupepa and his Parliament petitioned for the exiled chief's return. The request, after the usual consular ——— has finally been granted, and the ——— exile may now return to his native ——— after an absence of nearly six years.

•

Edwin A. Abbey, the Royal Academician Edwin A. Abbey, the well-known illustrator, who was recently elected a member of the Royal Academy, has also been honored by the award of a gold medal for his Hamlet, at the International Art ——— exhibition at Vienna. Mr. Abbey's work has for some time attracted the attention of the art critics of the world, and his recent election comes as a well-deserved reward of merit.

Mr. Abbey was born in Philadelphia on April 2, 1852, and his early art training was received at the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts.

In 1871, when Abbey was only 19 years old, Harper Brothers engaged him to do pen and ink sketches for them, and his work was of such a high grade that he soon made his reputation. In 1878 he visited England and began work on a series of black and white illustrations of Shakespeare and the early English poets. In 1890 he exhibited his first oil picture at the Royal Academy, entitled A May Day Morning. In 1894, 1896 and 1897 he also had some paintings exhibited at the Royal Academy. One of his leading works in this country is his illustration of the legend of the search for the Holy Grail, which decorates the delivery room in Boston's handsome public library. His painting, King Lear and His Daughters, which was Abbey's contribution to this year's exhibition at the Royal Academy, presumably was of such excellence as to impress that conservative body with the necessity of making Mr. Abbey a member, in spite of his Americanism.

THE BEST POEMS IN THE WORLD

XXIII

GOOD-BY, JIM

By JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY

WITH DRAWINGS BY B. MARTIN JUSTICE

I

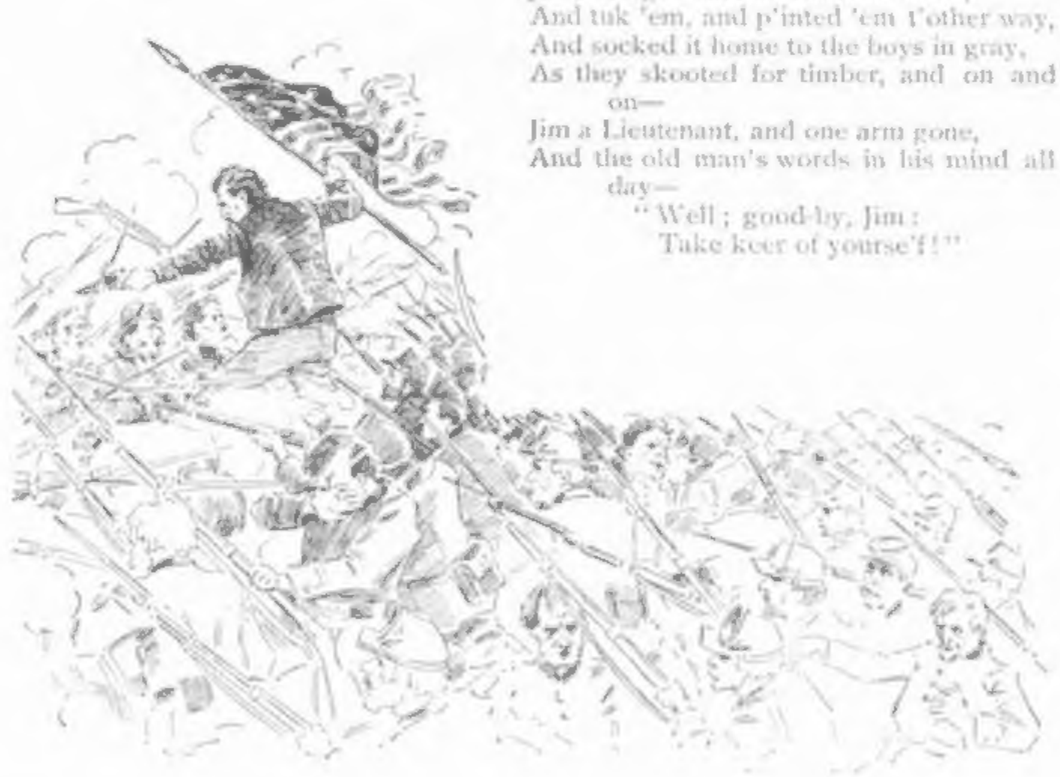
OLD man never had much to say,
'Ceptin' to Jim—
And Jim was the wildest boy he had—
And the old man jes' wrapped up in him!
Never heerd him speak but once
Er twice in my life—and first time was
When the Army broke out, and Jim he went,
The old man backin' him, fer three months.
An' all 'at I heard the old man say
Was, jes' as we turned to start away—
"Well; good-by, Jim:
Take keer of yourse'f!"

II

'Peared like he was more satisfied
Jes' lookin' at Jim
And likin' him all to hisse'f like, see?
'Cause he was jes' wrapped up in him!
And over and over I mind the day
The old man come and stood round in the way
While he was drillin', a-watchin' Jim—
And down at the depot a-heerin' him say—
"Well; good-by, Jim:
Take keer of yourse'f!"

III

Never was nothin' about the farm
Disting'ished Jim—
Neighbors all ust to wonder why
The old man 'peared wrapped up in him.
But when Cap. Biggler, he writ back
'At Jim was the bravest boy we had
In the whole dern rigiment, white er black,
And his fightin' good as his farmin' bad—
'At he had led with a bullet clean
Bored through his thigh, and carried the flag
Through the bloodiest battle you ever seen—
The old man wound up a letter to him
'At Cap. read to us, 'at said, "Tell Jim
Good-by:
And take keer of hisse'f."



IV

Jim come back jes' long enough
To take the whim
'At he'd like to go back in cavalry—
And the old man jes' wrapped up in him!—
Jim 'lowed 'at he'd had sich luck afore,
Guessed he'd tackle her three years more,
And the old man gave him a colt he'd raised
And follered him over to Camp Ben Wade,
And laid round fer a week er so,
Watchin' Jim on dress-parade—
Tel finally he rid away,
And last he heerd was the old man say—
"Well; good-by, Jim:
Take keer of yourse'f!"

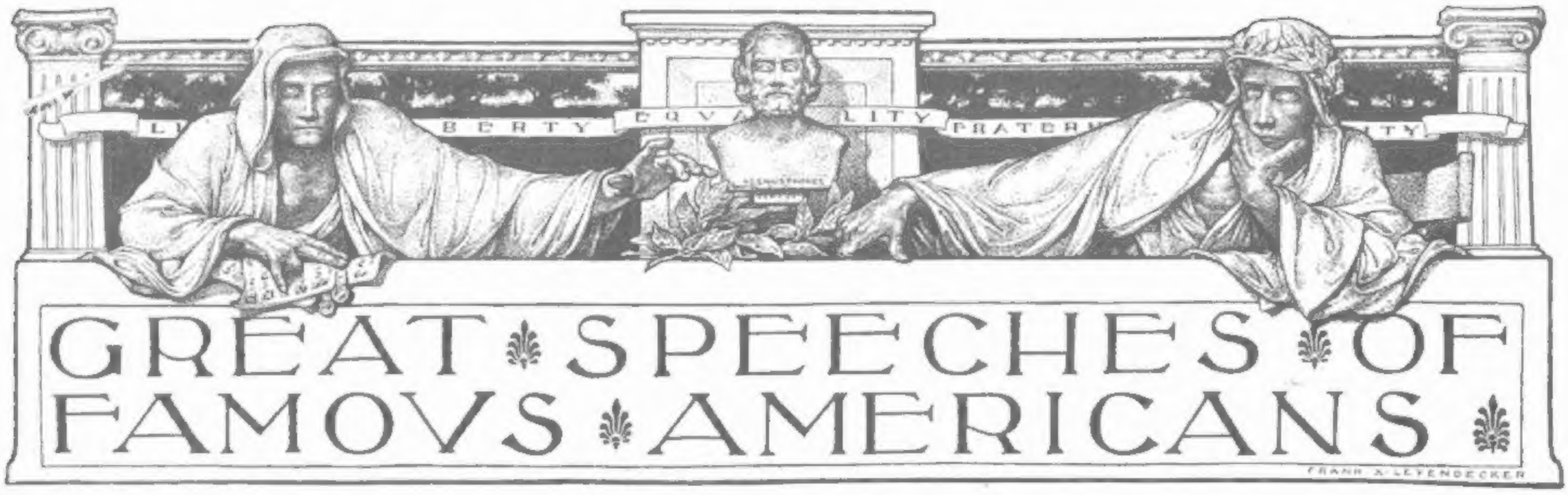
V

Tuk the papers, the old man did,
A-watchin' fer Jim—
Fully believin' he'd make his mark
Some way—jes' wrapped up in him!
And many a time the word 'u'd come
'At stirred him up like the tap of a drum—
At Petersburg, for instance, where
Jim rid right into the cannons there,
And tuk 'em, and p'inted 'em t'other way,
And socked it home to the boys in gray,
As they skooted for timber, and on and on—
Jim a Lieutenant, and one arm gone,
And the old man's words in his mind all day—
"Well; good-by, Jim:
Take keer of yourse'f!"

VI

Think of a private, now, perhaps,
We'll say like Jim,
'At's climb clean up to the shoulder-straps—
And the old man jes' wrapped up in him!
Think of him—with the war plum' through,
And the glorious old Red-White-and-Blue
A-laughin' the news down over Jim,
And the old man, bendin' over him—
The Surgeon turnin' away with tears
'At hadn't leaked fer years and years—
As the hand of the dyin' boy clung to
His father's, the old voice in his ears—
"Well; good-by, Jim:
Take keer of yourse'f!"

THE OLD VOICE SAID IN HIS EARS— "WELL; GOOD-BY, JIM: TAKE KEER OF YOURSE'F!"



THE DUTY OF SELF-CONTROL

By FRANCIS LANDLY PATTON, D.D., LL.D.

President of Princeton University

I COME before you, this afternoon, to bear grateful testimony to the high moral tone of the students of this University. I know that they have been misrepresented and misunderstood. Their hilarity, their boisterous outbursts of exuberant energy, their song-singing, which often has a more Bacchanalian sound than I could wish, and in some instances their inexcusable acts of wrong-doing, have produced impressions which the facts will not justify; and they have, on many occasions, been charged with drunkenness for no other reason than that, under the influence of the gregarious instinct which sometimes assumes an almost irrational mode of expression, animal spirits have been allowed too much freedom, and speech and action have not been kept within those metes and bounds which mature men, in the busy walks of life, are apt to associate with sobriety. I am sure that, so far as good behavior is concerned, the undergraduates of Princeton are not behind the undergraduate body of any university in the land; and I am proud to say, on what I feel is good authority, that the Princeton undergraduate of to-day does not suffer in any respect by comparison with the Princeton undergraduate of bygone years.

•

I have taken pains to find out the truth, and I am still unshaken in my conviction that the tendency in Princeton is steadily in the direction of a diminished use of alcoholic drinks. Still, I must not be blind to facts; and after making all allowance for wilful misrepresentation or mistake, I am constrained to believe that there is far more of what is called moderate drinking among us than the wisest and best friends of Princeton could wish; and that there are those among you who are putting their future in peril by the excessive use of stimulants. Instances of intoxication are comparatively rare, but they occur, nevertheless, and there is a tendency, I find, even among some of those who cannot be charged with it themselves, to think too lightly of the sin of drunkenness.

In what I say this afternoon, I wish to bring the moral influence of this pulpit to bear upon the grave question with which we have to deal. I am sure that the good sense of the better part of the University will be in sympathy with the maintenance of a high disciplinary standard. I am confident that, in the long run, our course will commend itself to the calm and balanced judgment of the Christian public. I believe that we shall find it possible to have such a wise execution of the existing law respecting intoxicating drinks as will accomplish the ends which we all wish to realize, without fostering hypocrisy or developing the vice of secret drinking. But we shall have need of great wisdom, and I think I may fairly ask all students, who have the interests of Princeton at heart, to trust the men who are called to the responsible position of guiding her affairs.

•

There are two classes of men whom I have particularly in mind: those who have already fallen into intemperate habits, and those who are in some danger of forming those habits. I know that there are some who do not make much of the distinction between these two classes, and who therefore, as they happen to be habitually lenient or severe in their judgments, are apt to waste too much pity on the man who is guilty of habitual intoxication, or else treat the moderate drinker as a drunkard. That is an error which we must not fall into; for the distinction is a valid one, and simple justice requires us to make it upon this occasion.

Now, I wish to say that drunkenness is practically an unpardonable sin in our academic life. I do not forget the duty I owe men—to counsel, to warn them, and to labor for their improvement. There have been men in all these years of my administration who know how faithfully they have been dealt with in regard to this sin which ruins both body and soul. But with the utmost desire to reclaim the erring, and making every allowance for the mistakes of youth, it must be understood that a man cannot be guilty of repeated acts of intoxication and continue in this University, if his offense is known to the authorities.

•

I wish more particularly, however, to say a kindly word to those who are understood to be moderate drinkers. I shall take the liberty of giving them some advice; and the basis for that advice I must find, of course, in the New Testament. I do not believe the moralization of society has reached the point of superseding the Bible. I cannot accept any conclusions of the so-called Christian consciousness that would contradict or transcend the ethics of Jesus and Saint Paul.

There is, let me say, no great difficulty in morals where we recognize our duty as defined by objective law. The difficulty emerges when the conscience must first issue the command which she has to obey; for in this case there is required not only the will to do what is seen to be duty, but the clearness of vision necessary to the forming of a conscientious judgment. I can only hope for my advice that it may help you to form a conscientious judgment. Some of you will remember what Kant said in regard to the autonomy of the will, and how he insisted that the law, to be moral, must be self-legislated. Of course, Kant carried this idea too far; but there is, nevertheless, a sphere of conduct in which the conscience must be autonomous.

It is precisely in respect to this very matter of the autonomy of the individual conscience that Saint Paul, writing under the influence of Inspiration, makes his conspicuous contribution to Christian ethics in his great utterance, "If meat make my brother to offend, I will eat no flesh while the world standeth."

According to this doctrine, then, there are certain things concerning which there is no objective law; and therefore, since there is no objective law defining conduct, I am absolutely free in reference to them. Were there any law in regard to these things I should not only be bound by it, but I should be open to the criticism of my fellowmen if I disobeyed it. For, binding me and my fellowmen alike, it would be the rule of each for himself, and the canon by which every man might fairly judge his neighbor. Now, in regard to these matters about which there is no objective law, I must occupy the double position of first enunciating and then obeying the command that is to rule my will. The consequence of this position is very obvious. If an attempt is made to impose an external law upon my conscience which I know is not binding, I resent it and assert my liberty; and I do well in so doing. It is just because so many do not recognize this sphere of the autonomy of the conscience that they undertake to make what they feel is law for them the law for other people also; and so become censorious and criticise and blame where they have no right to criticise and blame. We are each made differently.

On the other hand, while I may very properly assert my liberty if it is assailed, I may also conscientiously conclude that it is my duty to forego the exercise of my liberty.

FRANCIS LANDLY PATTON, D.D., LL.D.
PRESIDENT OF PRINCETON UNIVERSITY

In doing this I issue a command, and am as much bound by this subjectively enunciated command as though it were a binding objective law. I do not hold, then, that the doctrine of Christian expediency resolve itself into prudence. A conscientious judgment of duty is duty, even though it be dictated by a benevolent regard for others or a prudent regard for one's own interest. The voluntary abstention from the doing of that which—so far as any objective law is concerned—I am at full liberty to do, may appear to me to be a duty, and in so far as it seems to be a duty it is a deliverance of conscience, and binding upon me in the sight of God. But it must be understood that, while being self-enunciated, I am bound to obey the command. I would, if it were not self-enunciated, resent any attempt to impose it upon me from without, seeing that there is no external law to serve as a common measure between minds in regard to the matter with which it is concerned.

•

It is easy from this to see the double, and what at first appears to be the inconsistent, attitude of Saint Paul, where on the one hand he sharply rebukes the man who presumes to dictate to his neighbor, saying, "Who art thou that judgest another man's servant? to his own master he standeth or falleth"; and on the other hand exhorts men to use their liberty under the restraints of the law of Christian charity, and, for the sake of others, refrain from the doing of what, in itself considered, they are at perfect liberty to do. Of course, I am saying nothing new in this account; I am giving of the Pauline doctrine of Christian expediency. It is only what the Alexanders and the Hodges, and all the great lights of Princeton Divinity, have said all along. But I am afraid that, in contemporary discussions of the temperance question this principle, which, it seems to me is vital to the whole controversy, and which is the important thing to keep in mind, is very commonly lost sight of entirely or altogether misunderstood.

Paul enunciates the duty of having a benevolent regard for the conscience of the weak brother, in connection with a discussion regarding the practice of eating meats offered to idols. The Apostle would do nothing that would weaken the moral purpose, or shake the moral integrity of his neighbor, even though the thing he refrained from doing was perfectly innocent in itself. To eat meat offered to idols was not intrinsically wrong; but in the judgment of some this might seem like a concession to idolatry; and under these circumstances the Apostle would refrain from the exercise of his liberty. In other words, says Paul, we are to consider not only what our own conscience has to say, but how our act may affect the consciences of others. I must not do what my conscience allows if in doing so I tempt my neighbor to do what his conscience condemns, since for him to act in violation of his conscience would be for him to sin. "Conscience, I say, not thine own, but of the other."

•

Speaking, then, to you to-day, I could wish that there might grow up in your hearts the feeling that you ought not to do anything that will endanger the Christian manhood of one of your friends or class-mates. Let us begin to put this Pauline principle in practice in the spheres where our influence is most palpable. The way to feel the power of the principle is to apply it in concrete cases. The weak brother who so easily loses his self-control, who is so easily overcome by temptation, is constantly giving you the opportunity to put in practice the Pauline doctrine. I venture to say that most of you have a weak brother among your acquaintances. He is your room-mate, or a member of your club, or he belongs to the same athletic organization, or he goes with you on the trip of the Glee Club. He is apt to be what is known as a nice fellow, generous, warm-hearted, buoyant, full of good impulses; and you love him. Here is a chance for you to act on Paul's principle.

And if in due time this principle should take the form of a universal proposition, so far as the use of alcoholic liquors is concerned, you will have the satisfaction of feeling that the law in this universal form is not one which has been forced upon you from without, but one that has emanated from your own conscience; that it is binding upon you because self-legislated; and that it leaves you free from any tendency to a censorious judgment of your neighbor, whose application of the Pauline principle of benevolent regard for others is confined to concrete instances and is conditioned by time, place and circumstances.

•

But, besides your benevolent regard for your neighbor, I think I may wisely ask you to have a prudent regard for your own best interests. If any duty is intuitively given us in consciousness, it is Temperance—I mean the duty of self-control and that is the best definition of the word. Let me caution you, then, against habits which put this self-control in peril. In doing this I feel sure that I can count on the moral support of a great many who themselves hold no extreme positions in either direction.

There are a great many men in mature life who have no conscientious scruples against taking an occasional glass of wine, who, nevertheless, feel that it is not a good thing for young men in college to contract the habit of drinking even in the most moderate way. I confess that my conscience is in accord with this feeling. You are young, you are in health, you suffer from no depression of spirits, you enjoy life in abundance; there is no reason why you should seek to have it more abundantly in the temporary exhilaration that comes from alcohol in either its diffused or concentrated form. I feel sure that the good sense of temperate people, everywhere, will fully approve of our law respecting intoxicating drinks, whatever may be their individual opinions respecting the political doctrine of prohibition, or the moral doctrine of total abstinence. And, so, I come to you this afternoon and ask for your co-operation with us in promoting Temperance in Princeton University, by giving this law your conscientious and hearty support.

EDITOR'S NOTE—In this series of Great Speeches of Famous Americans will be given the best work in the eloquence of contemporary thinkers and leaders of the nation. The POST will seek to preserve in permanent form the beauty, power and imagery of important speeches that reach the public only in fragmentary extracts in the pages of the daily press. The above address was delivered to the students of Princeton University, in Marquand Chapel, on January 30, 1898, by President Patton. The first four in the series are:

I—Washington as a Statesman	by William McKinley
II—The Heroism of the Unknown	by Henry C. Potter, D.D.
III—The Duty of Self-Control	by Francis Landly Patton, D.D., LL.D.
IV—The Responsibilities of Wealth	by Benjamin Harrison

Let us carry this social philosophy a little further. Let us lift up a high standard in respect to the great duty of self-control. Let us discountenance convivial drinking. Let us avoid the habitual use of stimulants in any form. I know I am safe in giving you this advice. I know that if you will act upon it it will be to your advantage. It will at least eliminate one of the contingencies from the problem of your success in life. I should be sorry if the professional career of any one of you were blighted by habits of conviviality contracted here. I should be sorry to see you start in the great race of life under the terrible handicap of ill-repute.

My brother, I envy you your place in this world. You are in the morning of your life. You are on the threshold of your manhood. You have a future. Your prospects are bright. But a great struggle is before you. You need the unhampered use of all your powers; good health, an unclouded mind, trained intellect, good manners, strict integrity, high moral purpose, indomitable energy. You have great advantage in education. But you will meet your match in the keen competition of business and professional life. You will, from the very outset of your career, be engaged in a great fight with circumstances. Success will mean that you have the power, in no small degree, of influentially affecting the lives of other men, of inspiring their confidence, controlling their judgment, shaping their conduct. But you must first learn the lesson of self-control; you must rule your own spirit if you are to be masterful among men. You must fight out to the finish the great battle of duty against inclination, of reason against appetite, of conscience against lust, of the spirit against the flesh. I do not feel much confidence in the world's panaceas. They work too much on the outside, too little on the inside.

•

Your life is the product of the inner principle and external environment. The world's schemes of reformation make too much of circumstances and too little of character. I would lessen temptation were it in my power; but I would, also, have you know that the great moral victories are gained in the face of temptations and by giving them battle. I would do all that can be done to make your environment here favorable to moral life. Let legislation put what restrictions on evil it wisely can. Let academic law find strict enforcement. Let public sentiment exert deterrent influence. Let there be such a spirit of high-toned behavior among our students that men will fear the penalty of social disapproval. Let the influence of religion, the sweet memories of home, and the prayers and counsels, the hopes and ambitions of fathers and mothers, whose yearning hearts in these declining years are turning in strong, tender, unselfish, anxious affection toward you, invite you to live the manly, upright, Christian life. But, when all is done, we shall find that it is in the centre of your being that the work of reformation must begin—and must be completed.

It is here that the profound philosophy of Christianity reveals itself. For it, and it alone, can subdue the will, can sanctify the affections, can change the heart, can regenerate the character. And it is in the hope that you will know the power of the Gospel that I summon you to take up arms, at once, against the fleshly lusts that war against the soul.

Fight appetite. Learn lessons from your training for other contests. Keep your body under. Don't break your moral training. You may win another and a brighter garland for the brow of your *alma mater*. You may add another star to the crown of her rejoicing. For your own sake, and for her sake, and for the world's sake, and for the sake of Him Who came to seek and to save you, determine now to win the great battle of your life which shall make you master of yourself.

I do not think that this battle against appetite will be so easily won by some of you. I do not think that any of us is so safe that he can afford to boast. "Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall."

•

It is a constant battle with temptation, in some form or other, that we have to fight. And notwithstanding holy influence without and high principle within; in spite of public sentiment, and righteous law, and warning conscience, and religious faith, and hallowed memories, and hopes and fears, and the softening touch of grief, and the calm of quiet Sabbath days, a man may yet, in some unguarded moment, be the victim of his besetting sin.

I have been speaking with especial reference to one form of temptation. But you know that the Bible doctrine of temperance does not have any exclusive reference to matters of meat and drink. There are other temptations besides those that have been especially referred to. You need to learn this duty of self-control with reference to your whole moral life. And the best aid to your moral life is religious faith. It is when you feel your weakness that you are really strong. It is when most conscious of insufficiency that you will feel that your sufficiency is of God. Learn to distrust yourself and lean on Christ. Lay aside every weight and sin that doth so easily beset you, and run with patience the race that is set before you, looking unto Jesus.

UNDER THE EVENING LAMP

HALF HOURS WITH SONG AND STORY

When Dewey Dodged a Shot

WHEN Dewey was First Lieutenant of one of the gunboats which Farragut used as a dispatch boat, the Admiral used often to come aboard and steam up near the levee to reconnoitre, says the Chicago News. The Southerners had a way of rushing a field piece to the top of the high bank, firing point blank at the gunboat, and then backing down again. Upon one such occasion Farragut saw Dewey dodge a shot. "Why don't you stand firm, Lieutenant?" said the Admiral; "don't you know you can't jump quick enough?"

A day or so after the Admiral dodged a shot. The Lieutenant smiled and held his tongue; but the Admiral had a guilty conscience. He cleared his throat once or twice, shifted his attitude, and finally declared: "Why, sir, you can't help it, sir. It's human nature, and there's an end to it!"

•

Why We Laugh at Pain

THE laugh, which is now so closely associated with good humor and kindly feeling, originally implied nothing of the sort. It expressed almost the reverse; it was the crow of triumph over a fallen foe, says the Boston Post. Such is its nature still among savages and barbarous peoples. Dancing on the body of a prostrate enemy is to them hilarious business; the writhing of a victim under torture is the funniest thing imaginable. The things that shock or horrify or disgust the civilized man are about the only things worth laughing at from a savage's point of view. With the exception, therefore, of rough practical jokes, which may possibly wrinkle his stolid features with a momentary grin, the barbarian has no appreciation of civilized humor; he can't see where the fun comes in if nobody is hurt.

Such is the humor of savages, and such, doubtless, were the beginnings of mirth the world over. Strange as it may seem, there are many hints of this barbarous origin in the fun of the most highly civilized. We no longer laugh at really tragic occurrences, it is true, for other and more humane emotions are too strongly excited. But if we chance to see a ridiculous mishap which does not quite rise to the dignity of tragedy—an accident by which some one is greatly inconvenienced and annoyed without being seriously injured—the remnant of the savage breaks loose in us and we laugh till the tears come.

Children quite frequently laugh at things which do not amuse adults, but, on the contrary, shock and pain them. That is because the child's finer sensibilities are as yet imperfectly developed; he is still near the savage stage. In proportion as men become truly civilized, however, their sense of humor becomes refined, and they revolt at any suggestion of brutality. And yet, even gentlest among us are frequently amused at a picture or a story representing things the actual occurrence of which would shock us greatly.

•

Auctioneering the Little High-Chair

THERE was an auction at one of the downtown auction houses recently. A pale, sad-faced woman, in a plain calico gown, stood in a crowd, says the Detroit Free Press. The loud-voiced auctioneer finally came to a lot of plain and somewhat worn furniture. It had belonged to the pale woman, and was being sold to satisfy the mortgage on it. One by one the articles were sold—the old bureau to one, the easy rocker to another, and a bedstead to a third.

Finally the auctioneer hauled out a child's high-chair. It was old and rickety, and as the auctioneer held it up everybody laughed—everybody except the pale-faced woman. A tear trickled down her cheek. The auctioneer saw it, and somehow a lump seemed to come up in his throat, and his gruff voice grew soft. He remembered a little high-chair at home, and how it had once filled his life with sunshine. It was empty now. The baby laugh, the two little hands that were once held out to greet "papa" from that high-chair, were gone forever. He saw the pale-faced woman's piteous looks, and knew what it meant; knew that in her eye the little rickety high-chair was more precious than if it had been made of gold and studded with diamonds.

In imagination he could see the chubby little fist grasping the tin rattle-box and pounding the chair full of nicks; could see the little feet which had rubbed the paint off of the legs; could hear the crowing and laughing in glee—and now the little high-chair was empty. He knew there was an aching void in the pale-faced woman's heart; there was in his own. Somehow the day may come and go, but you never get over it. There is no one to dress in the morning, no one to put to bed at night.

"Don't laugh!" said the auctioneer softly, as somebody facetiously offered ten cents; "many of you have little empty high-chairs at home which money would not tempt you to part with." Then he handed the clerk a bill out of his own pocket, and remarked, "Sold to the lady over there," and as the pale-faced woman walked out with the high-chair clasped in her arms, and tears streaming down her cheeks, the crowd stood back respectfully, and there was a suspicious moisture in the eyes of the man who had laughingly bidden ten cents.

•

The First Elephant in America

IT IS not generally known that a former citizen of Owensboro, Kentucky, brought across the ocean the first elephant that was ever in America. The name of the gentleman was Moses Smith. Mr. Smith was in Paris with his brother, and had "more money than he knew what to do with." He told his brother that he intended taking something to America that the people had never seen. "You had better buy an elephant," said the jocular brother, and that was what Moses did. He picked out the biggest animal he could find, and paid an enormous price for it.

He brought it to New York, where it was a nine days' wonder, but the owner soon found that he had something worse than the proverbial white elephant on his hands. He tried to sell it, but could find no buyer, and at last undertook to give it away, in which he was equally unsuccessful. Finally he found a man who agreed to pay him $100 for it, and this individual put it on exhibition. He was so successful that he went into the show business on a larger scale, and made a fortune out of Mr. Smith's folly.

•

A Dream

By LOUISE P. SUDDICK

I DREAMED I had hard words with you
Last night, dear love, I know not why,
Some trival word or act of yours
Had roused my anger, and when I
Awoke, my heart and brain
Were smarting with the wrong and pain.

I dreamed your eyes—those tender eyes—
Looked coldly, sternly into mine,
And in the accents of your voice
Was no conciliating sign,
And yet, 'tis strange, I do not know
What 'twas that chafed and vexed us so.

Forgive me, love! I had forgot;
Dreams are as treacherous as our joys,
And, dreaming, I remembered not
That for three years your blessed voice
Has silent been, and daisies white
Have hid your sweet eyes from my sight.

—Boston Commonwealth.

•

The Biggest Beehive in the World

DID you ever see a tree with a swarm of bees around it? Well, magnify this about 10,000 times and you will have a slight idea of a natural beehive in Mendocino County, California, says the San Francisco Call. It is a rift in the face of a cliff, and tradition has it that there is a large cave on the inside, where the myriads of busy insects make their homes. There is no danger of a person getting very near to this natural beehive without knowing it, for at all hours of the day a swarm of insects hover about several hundred feet in all directions. An incessant, maddening buzz fills the air that can be heard an eighth of a mile.

It takes nerve to approach close to the opening in the rock, and the experience is a never-to-be-forgotten one. Bees to the number of millions of millions will light on the intruder, humming fiendishly, and endeavoring to sting him to death. They form a perfect cloud, and the air is filled with a fetid smell and a fine dust that gets through the wire screen and causes an irritation to the eyes. The tiny insects really show signs of viciousness, and fly into the flames of the torch in countless numbers, as though they intended to extinguish it. It is almost impossible to make out just where the entrance to this natural beehive is. Most of the bees hover around a hole in the cliff about eighteen inches wide and appear to make that the point of ingress and egress. Many days it is impossible to even see the cliff, so thickly covered is it with the insects. During the summer, dead birds can always be seen on the ground around the mouth of the hive. They have been stung to death.

•

While Young People Are Growing

GROWING girls and boys do not always appreciate that it is while they are growing that they are forming their figures for after life. Drooping the shoulders a little more every day, drooping the head as one walks, standing unevenly—all these defects, easily corrected now, will be five times as hard in five years, and twenty-five times as hard in ten years. A graceful, easy carriage and an erect figure are worth striving for.

An easy way to practice walking well is to start out right. Just before you leave the house, walk up to the wall and see that your toes, chest and nose touch it at once; then, in that attitude, walk away. Keep your head up and your chest out; shoulders and back will take care of themselves.

•

Death Sentence of the Saviour

THE following is said to be the sentence of death, word for word, pronounced against Jesus Christ:

Sentence pronounced by Pontius Pilate, Intendent of the Lower Province of Galilee, that Jesus of Nazareth shall suffer death by the cross. In the seventeenth year of the reign of Emperor Tiberius, and on the 24th day of the month, in the most holy city of Jerusalem, during the pontificate of Annas and Caiaphas.

Pontius Pilate, Intendent of the Province of Lower Galilee, sitting to judgment in the presidential seat of the Prætors, sentences Jesus of Nazareth to death on a cross between robbers, as the numerous and notorious testimonies of the people prove:

1. Jesus is a misleader.
2. He has excited the people to sedition.
3. He is an enemy to the laws.
4. He calls himself the Son of God.
5. He calls himself, falsely, the King of Israel.
6. He went to the temple followed by a multitude carrying palms in their hands.

Orders from the first centurion, Quirrillis Cornelius, to bring him to the place of execution. Forbids all persons, rich or poor, to prevent the execution of Jesus.

The witnesses who have signed the execution of Jesus are:

1. Daniel Robani, Pharisee.
2. John Zorobabic.
3. Raphael Robani.
4. Capet.

Jesus to be taken out of Jerusalem through the gate of Tournes.

The sentence was engraved on plates of brass in the Hebrew language and a copy sent to each tribe. Le Droit gives the following explanation of the discovery and subsequent history of one of the plates: It was discovered in the year 1280 in the city of Aquilla, in the Kingdom of Naples, by a search made for Roman antiquities, and remained there until it was found by the Commission of Arts in the French Army in Italy. Up to the time of the campaign in Southern Italy it was preserved by the sacristy of the Carthusians near Naples, where it was kept in a box of ebony. Since then the relic has been kept in the chapel of Caserta. The Carthusians obtained, by their petitions, permission that the plate might be kept by them, which was an acknowledgement of the sacrifices which they made for the French Army. The translation was made literally by members of the Commission of Arts. There seems to be no historical doubt as to the authenticity of this. The reasons of the sentence correspond exactly with those given in the Gospel.

• • •

When the Archbishop was Rebuked

THE Archbishop of Canterbury, when he was Bishop of London, was dissatisfied with certain arrangements in his palace at Fulham, and called in an eminent architect to advise as to alterations. The architect took time to consider, and when he finally brought in his plans and estimates the figures were so great that the Bishop relinquished his project. "And now," said the Bishop, "I shall be glad if you will tell me how much I shall pay you for your trouble in the matter." "I thank your lordship," was the answer, "$500." The amount was disconcerting. "Why, sir," said the Bishop, "many of my curates do not receive so much for a whole year's service." "That may be true, my lord; but remember that I happen to be a bishop in my profession." There was nothing more to be said, and the check was drawn.

Regina: The Sins of the Fathers

By HERMANN SUDERMANN

IN RUGGED power, in almost reckless, but successful, defiance of the story teller's art, this novel of Sudermann's stands high, not only in German literature, but in the literature of the world. It is hewn in granite, and, in boldness and perfection, the chiseled strokes are not unworthy of Michael Angelo.

German fiction was long mild and uninteresting—a literature of insipid love, written for placid housewives. It has now come forth in strength, and at the head of the new school stands Hermann Sudermann, who, within a few years, has conquered for himself an enviable place among the world's great writers.

This is not his latest novel: Since the publication of Der Katzensteig, as the book is called in German, Es War has appeared, surpassing, it is said, even the brilliant achievement that has at last received the English dress it so fully deserves.

•

The technique of Regina is wonderful. In the production of powerful effects, the concentration of the reader's attention upon the main figure, the elimination of details, is the safest and surest method to be pursued. This, however, too often leads to monotony, disastrously defeating the end it has in view. Sudermann simply builds his pedestal with an unsparing hand; he knows that it will guide the eye upward to the imposing figure that is to crown it, and knows, also, that that figure will hold the gaze and relegate the foundation to its relatively less important place. The work is "well proportioned," as the current expression sounds, but the proportions are of such gigantic dimensions that the final, the lasting impression is one of immense, of irresistible force.

Again, the author's mastery of his craft is brilliantly shown in the synthesis of the first short chapter, introductory to the story itself, in which is depicted with a few telling strokes—in words that have sound and color and weight—the condition of the German people after the banishment of Napoleon to Elba.

Eastern Prussia has figured before now as the scene of Sudermann's work, and, since his success, it has become somewhat of a fad in German fiction. It is a more than semi-feudal country, even to-day, where still persist conditions which we believe to have been destroyed once and forever by the French Revolution. How much stronger was this feudal spirit in that part of the Hohenzollern dominions can perhaps best be seen in this novel.

We can appreciate the serf's dumb fear of his hereditary master, his impotent hatred and hidden thirst for revenge, but we stand amazed before the puzzle, so constantly presented in history and fiction, of the blind worship, the unreasoning, unreasonable love of his oppressors, that the European serf has returned again and again for extortion, outrage and blows. Feudalism extended well into this century—it still exists, though, of course, much softened, in the remoter parts of Austria and Hungary—but to us it appears as a thing of the far-distant past.

Such a blindly loving serf is the heroine of this tragedy—hardly above the level of the beasts of the field, yet with a soul that needed but awakening by the touch of love to prove her one of God's children.

•

Sudermann awakens this beautiful soul to the glorious fullness of its instinctive life under the most sordid conditions. Calumnied, a pariah, persecuted with the unspeakable cruelty of the coarsest mob, she clings to the son of the proscribed master she has served, and even he misjudges her, condemns her without even a thought of interrogating her, although from time to time glimpses of the truth dawn upon him, until at last, when it is too late, the grandeur of this mute creature is revealed to him.

The unfolding of this truth is perhaps Sudermann's greatest triumph. He does not take the reader into his confidence—does not teach him more than the hero knows. On the contrary, we see her through his eyes, and with him are awakened gradually to this woman's greatest glory, the evidence accumulating gradually, incidentally, until suddenly she dawns upon us, the handiwork of a greater master than Sudermann.

The background of the story is sombre, its minor characters sordid, its motive hopeless.

An East Prussian nobleman, the son of a Polish mother, has been trained by her to become a Pole at heart, and to dream of the restoration of the Kingdom of Poland. Napoleon's promises to that end, made for political purposes, lead the noble to betray to the French conquerors a pass by which they may surprise the Prussian troops, and sends his serf—the woman, then hardly fifteen years old—to guide them. She receives gold—much gold—for this service, whose meaning she cannot grasp, and is forced to relinquish it to her drunken father, the village carpenter, who also makes her tell him its source.

But at the official inquiry, the girl, who is absolutely pure and innocent, under her master's threats, tarnishes her reputation to shield him—again obeying passively, without understanding. Master and servant are outlawed: the hand of the whole village is against them, until one night the castle is burned over their heads, and only a few smoke-blackened apartments remain to shield them. Beaten, neglected, the girl continues to serve the man, and to fetch from afar, at night and at the peril of her life, the necessaries of life required by both. The master dies, and his son, who has fought manfully in the war of liberation, returns home to take possession of his cursed patrimony and to shoulder the burden of his father's sins. The girl stays with him to serve him as she had served his father, a pariah in his eyes, whom yet he has not the heart to send away.

It is the woman's character, not the plot, that will fascinate the reader, lure him on from page to page, until he closes the chronicle with a sigh of regret and a new insight into the possibilities of individual life.

The translation is remarkably well done, and the translator is to be congratulated upon her work.

The story is not one for immature minds: they can neither grasp its great power nor make allowances. It bears the stamp of its Continental European origin on many a page, but it is serious, and wonderfully impressive. It is one of the books that we do not forget—a work of genius that rightly can claim a place on the bookshelves of serious readers, in all countries, if perhaps not of all times.

• • •

Torn Sails, by Allen Raine.—It is life in a little village of fisher folk on the coast of Wales that the author depicts in this volume. His characters are simple, warm-hearted people, frugal and industrious. Mishteer, the good old sail-maker, who owns more than half of the streetless settlement, holds the most prominent place in the story. He has married one of his employees, a mender of sails, and with her he lives happily until he finds that her love belongs to another. The book gives us a glimpse of new people and customs, many of them quaint and curious. There is a certain blunt directness about the Welsh wedding invitation, as given by the author, that makes it worth reproducing. The usual form is:

> "*Dear Friends:* As it is our intention to enter the matrimonial state, we are encouraged by our friends to make a 'bidding,' which will be held on Monday, the twenty-eighth inst., at our own house in Mwnselson, in the parish of Abersethin. Your agreeable company on the occasion is humbly solicited: and whatever donation you may be pleased to confer on us then will be gratefully received, and repaid whenever called for. We are, dear friends, your obedient servants."

In earlier years the invitation was more specific. It said:

> "Come with your good-will on the plate; bring current money—a shilling, or two, or three, or four, or five, with cheese and butter. We invite the husband and wife, and children and men servants from the greatest to the least."

(D. Appleton & Company, New York.)

• • •

The Disaster, by Paul and Victor Margueritte. This new romance of the Franco Prussian War is a most stirring historical novel. It describes the misfortunes of the Army of the Rhine to the final capitulation at Metz, and the story is told with a vividness and obvious veracity that entitle the book to rank as history. Pierre du Breuil is the hero, and moves throughout like a hero, indeed. Mme. de Guionic, whom he loved, is his inspiration through long sieges, conflicts and vigils, and his loyalty is worthy of his valor.

A glimpse of Eugénie in her prime is afforded at the beginning, waited upon by her son, the Prince Imperial. Marshal Bazaine is held up in no very complimentary light, and we can sympathize with the army chafing under his fatal slowness. The graphic studies of the soldiers' experiences are relieved by episodes of friendship and love, which add brightness to the dark background of war. The descriptions throughout are vivid; many of the scenes are most delicately drawn, and the incidents are charming.

In one passage is a glimpse of a cavalry soldier playing on his flute in a stable at midnight, and the melody strikes upon the silence "like an ironical and sad streamlet of water." The dialogue is spirited. Frederic Lees, the translator, has infused much of the original French dash into his rendering. The Disaster is more than a mere war tale; it deserves high place as a valuable addition to the literature of the Franco-Prussian War. (D. Appleton & Co.)

• • •

The King's Jackal, by Richard Harding Davis.—Despite a hero that was impossible to any one except the matinee girl contingent of his readers, Mr. Davis' Soldiers of Fortune was accepted as a promise that he could write a good novel. He has not redeemed that promise with the King's Jackal. It is a mere sketch which, as the foundation work for a novel, might pass muster, but not for the novel itself. The scene is laid in a hotel in Tangiers; the action covers a period of thirty-six hours. Miss Carson, an American heiress, with the usual beauty and millions, becomes fired with the idea of restoring the dethroned King of Messina and with him the Catholic Church to the Island. Two heroes share the centre of the stage with her. One, a very doubtful one, is Prince Kalonay, the King's Jackal, whom the author describes as "a fallen angel called Kalonay, a fellow of the very best blood in Europe, and the very worst morals." All that retrieves him is his devotion to the Royal family, whom his race has always served.

The other hero, more moral, but less plausible, is Archie Gordon, a newspaper man who has seen everything, done everything, and, one could almost add, knows everything—such a wonder as only a yellow journal could possibly afford to retain. The story in which these three are concerned has to do with a conspiracy to raise a few hundred thousand francs for the deservedly dispossessed King. Mr. Davis is writing too much and too fast. No author has yet appeared clever enough to turn out novels, note-books, short stories, sketches and special correspondence as fast as Mr. Davis has been doing and have them all good. (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.)

Editor's Note—The full title of this book is Regina, or the Sins of the Fathers, by Hermann Sudermann; translated from the German by Beatrice Marshall. Published by John Lane, New York.

It Pays to Buy

in Philadelphia's Greatest Stores

Separate Wash Skirts The immense business we have had in this line made us the largest sellers here and also the largest buyers here and elsewhere. That's a combination meaning lowest prices always.

Those desirable Pique Skirts are here in every conceivable design. Even now, with the best part of the Summer ahead, reductions have been made. We have them from $1.50 to $12.00.

Crash Skirts, well cut, nicely hung and in every way desirable, are priced at figures far below value—50, 75 cents, $1.25, $1.50 and $2.00. The $1.50 Skirt, with flounce effect and blue trimming, calls for particular attention.

Choice selections can be made from our Duck Skirts. They come in white, at 75 cents and $1.00; in checks, at $1.25; in blue, black and green, at $1.50. Then there are others at $3.00, reduced from $5.00.

Linen Skirts made of that celebrated Irish fabric. We have all the best kinds and styles. The prices named are remarkably low—$1.75, $2.50, $3.00 and up to $5.50.

Centre Store, Second Floor.

Colored Dress Goods Items of especial interest selected from our stock and marked at very unusual prices.

All-wool Mixed Bicycle Suiting, 54 inches wide. Early season's price, 62½ cents; now 37½ cents a yard.

All-wool Check Cheviots, 44 inches wide, in black and white, brown and white, and green and white, suitable for outing skirts. Early season's price, 62½ cents; now 25 cents a yard.

All-wool Storm Serge in navy blue, 50 inches wide. Early season's price, 75 cents; now 50 cents a yard.

Silk Stripe Challis in light ground and beautiful designs. Early season's price, 25 cents; now 20 cents a yard.

Centre Store, Main Aisle.

ADDRESS ALL COMMUNICATIONS TO

Department S E P, care

Strawbridge & Clothier

Philadelphia

MASTER NIXON

Living Advertisements are the Best

We Have an Army of them East and West

Here is a picture of one sent us from the West, and this is what the mother writes about Eskay's Albuminized Food:

Clinton, Iowa, Feb. 18, 1898.

SMITH, KLINE & FRENCH CO.

Gentlemen:—I have tried many kinds of baby foods, but have found nothing so good as Eskay's Food. My baby boy loves it, and I can almost see him grow since feeding him with it. He shall never have any other. He is just five months old, and a nice, healthy boy, thanks to Eskay's Food. You can add his picture to the already long list of Eskay's Babies.

I have recommended your Food highly to all my friends; several have tried it and speak of it in the highest praise.

538 Sixth Street. MRS. H. E. NIXON.

When writing the manufacturers for a free sample, please mention THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, and receive a copy of their handsome photograph-folders.

SMITH, KLINE & FRENCH CO., 429-435 Arch Street, Philadelphia

(Next door to THE SATURDAY EVENING POST)